

HEADPRESS

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BIZARRE CULTURE
DEVIANT CONCEPTIONS
CINEMATIC EXTREMES

SEX · RELIGION · DEATH

UNA VOCE CRISTIANA



"THE MANAGEMENT, SHALL WE SAY, HAS BEEN LESS THAN PERFECT."

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EDITORIAL

As some of you may well be aware we are now officially a two man operation. One-time co-editor of HEADPRESS, Dave Flint, has reverted to his "Mr Sheer Filth" persona in once again pursuing a solo career in publishing.



Shapeshifting was not always entirely successful.

This edition's main feature is on the plight of SAVOY publishers and the fatwah imposed on them by the one-time police chief and demigod, James Anderton. Strange, that in one part of this bastion of democracy and free speech, the police are spending approximately £1000000 per annum of tax payers money to protect a writer against extreme fanatical censorship yet here they spend tax payers money to subdue, fine and imprison writers and artists because they don't create visions to suit their own personal moral standards. Hey, these guys even took HEADPRESS 3 off the shelves and tried to convince us it was obscene!! WHAT? Issue 3? Obscene?? That's what they said after "legally stealing" our magazine along with a shelf-full of other titles from a shop not 200 yards from the police station. Flick through that issue now and see if you can spot the items that will infect your mind with depravity and corruption. The officer involved posed as a normal member of the public and purchased a skin-rag then scuttled to the magistrate in order to obtain a seizure notice. When we asked the PC what it was that he considered "obscene" he couldn't remember but he would get back to us and let us know (needless to say he didn't, either verbally or via a dawn raid). And while these chaps spent countless man-hours perusing through the vast quantities of magazines seized (he told us they only look at the pictures) people were being raped, murdered and mugged in the streets outside. But then again priorities are priorities so who are we to complain?

The BBFC have increased their tariffs again to such a degree that truly independent film makers and distributors simply cannot afford to classify their movies. We're now talking £10.10 per minute for the first 60 minutes if

your interested in submitting something. That, by the way, doesn't include VAT but the cost per minute does reduce by the hour.

Of course there is always the temptation to release material without classification. I mean, if your film isn't overly extreme and you do control its distribution then what is there to worry about? Well, a £20000 fine may be a disincentive or if that isn't deterrent enough 6 months locked in a cell with a six-foot gorilla guilty of homosexual rape/murder sporting a ear to ear grin that says "Wow! It must be my birthday!" and a volatile erection with a circumference greater than that of Mike Tyson's neck. But then again priorities are priorities and serious crime must be punished accordingly so who are we to complain?

Still on the subject of law and disorder what about that Kiszko guy? Wasn't he an embarrassment? I felt really sorry for those police officers who had fucked up and put him away for 16 years and allowed a child-killer to go free. Surely we need to bring the death sentence back now to avoid similar embarrassments in the future. I mean, had they hung Kiszko in the first place then none of this nonsense would have been exposed. The same applied to the Birmingham six and the Guildford four and the Tottenham three. Who do they think they are constantly pleading innocence? Don't they realise the shame they are bringing to our beloved police force? Why can't they just keep quiet? Hang the bastards, that's what I say and retain the myth that the British bobby is the best in the world!

I apologise for this anti-police stance, I'm just venting off. But, aside from them taking our magazine, I recently had a filthy cockroach gain access to my premises under the guise of an electricity meter reader. I reported it to the police with an ingenious plan on how to catch the rat but they weren't really interested. I also told them that this reptile had picked my name and address from the publicly displayed Electoral register and he was probably using the same listing to find the abodes of lone and defenceless pensioners, one of whom he may be strangling to death at this very moment. They said that such confidential information is made public for the benefit of companies to create mailing lists. Well, I suppose priorities are priorities so who am I to complain?

David Slater.

THE ISSUE

HOOKERS FOR JESUS!**THE STRANGE SAGA OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD**

Chris Mikul

The Children of God were a familiar sight on the streets back in the late '70s, handing out their cheesy little cartoon illustrated leaflets and asking for donations. They particularly liked to accost passengers on trains, and it was on a train that a couple of them presented me with a full-colour comic-book with the eye-catching title **THE GREEN DOOR! - A DREAM OF A POLISHED HELL!**. After a while they seemed to disappear, and I had virtually forgotten about them until I came upon a copy of **THE BASIC MO LETTERS**, an awesome compendium of cult leader Moses David's messages to his followers - over 1500 pages of doomsday prophecy, heavy-handed political satire and sexual perversity. What sort of crazed genius could have come up with this little lot, I wondered.

**A BRIEF HISTORY**

David Berg, later to be known as Moses David, was born in 1919 into a heavily Christian family. His father was a pastor, his mother a radio evangelist, and following in their footsteps he became a travelling preacher. He married and settled for a while in Arizona where he built a small church, but was forced to leave this after allegations of sexual

misconduct. He tried teaching for a while, but was soon back in the Jesus business, working for Texan televangelist Fred Jordan.

Along came 1968. The Vietnam War was raging and the 'beautiful people' (most of them, judging by the available documentary evidence, about as beautiful as my backside) were flocking to California. And who should be moving among them, dispensing old-time religion and free peanut butter sandwiches, but David Berg's elderly mother, Virginia. She was soon joined by her son, his wife and two of their four children. The family took over a coffee shop on Huntington Beach and Berg began to acquire followers. With his anti-authority, anti-parents stance, long hair and beard, and ability to speak like he had just stepped out of the pages of the King James Bible, he proved an irresistible figure, he was soon dubbed 'the original hippie'. He initially called his group Teens for Christ but when a local journalist coined the phrase Children of God, Berg liked the name and it stuck.

From the beginning Berg's group were more radical than the other 'Jesus freaks' of the time, with members encouraged to recruit aggressively and disrupt the services of regular churches. When the Californian police began to make things difficult for the growing cult, Berg decided it was time to, in his words, split. Having announced that California was about to suffer a massive earthquake and slide into the sea, Berg left with about 50 followers. They broke up into several groups which, after many travels, converged some months later in Texas, where Berg persuaded his old evangelical mate Jordan to let them stay on one of his properties. By now Berg, having spent his time in the wilderness, was calling himself Moses David - MO for short - and in order to keep his often dispersed followers together had begun to issue weekly newsletters. These became known as MO letters.

When he started Teens for Christ, Berg's teachings were pretty basic biblical fundamentalism. These were the End Times, Berg was God's End Time Prophet, and his followers would be the 144,000 the bible foretold would remain faithful during the imminent reign of the Antichrist. He had enforced a strict code of morality among cult members - no dating was allowed - but after Berg's mother died things began to liven up in a hurry. Berg took as a mistress a young follower, Karen Zerby, who had changed her name to Maria (it would soon become common, as in many cults, for members to adopt new names). Maria encouraged Berg's messianic beliefs and his teachings grew more bizarre.

He started speaking in tongues, claimed to be in touch with the spirit of a Gipsy king called Abraham, and talked of having sex with succubi. He also announced that free love was sanctioned by the scriptures.

After a while even the rather stupid Jordan realised something odd was going on and kicked the cult off his land. They scattered across America, making recruits and raking in money by 'litnessing' - the name given to handing out leaflets and asking for a donation of 10 cents or so. New members

outbreak of it among cult members.)

His most notorious idea, one which became synonymous with the Children of God, had come to him in England in 1973. Maria had picked up a man on a dancefloor, seduced him, and later converted him. A lightbulb lit up over MO's head, or maybe a giant hand came out of the clouds with a thumbs up. So was born the ministry of 'flirty fishing'. Female cult members were urged to cruise nightclubs and bars for men, have sex with them, then while lying in bed afterwards talk to them about Jesus. They were to be 'Hookers for Jesus', and were depicted in the letters as cute little hippie chicks impaled on fish hooks. Many of Berg's followers were appalled by the developments and left. Others, numbed by the hundreds of MO letters which they had come to believe had the authority of the Bible, went along with them. Not surprisingly, there were suddenly an awful lot of pregnancies among the women. David Berg was nothing if not a man who could rise to the occasion. In 1979 he issued a letter called MY LITTLE FISH which advocated sex with children.

By the late 70s, word about all of this was getting out and the authorities in many countries were cracking down on the cult, despite a name change to the Family of Love. Many cult members went underground while others moved to countries like India and the Philippines. In 1977 Berg and Maria, forced to leave Tenerife, disappeared.

TAKE A LETTER, MARIA

Even before his departure from the U.S., Moses David had become a distant figure, seen by few of his followers and rarely photographed. The sole point of contact with him for most cult followers, and his only way of maintaining authority over them, became the MO letters. The cult's growth and expansion to other countries during these years make these little leaflets some of the most successful pieces of propaganda ever conceived.

THE BASIC MO LETTERS is divided into sections covering spiritual beliefs, politics and economics, love and sex, prophecy and so on, with questions at the end of each section to ensure the disciple has absorbed the salient points. Much of the impact of the letters derives from their illustrations, with a full-page graphic starting most of them off and cartoons scattered liberally throughout. Some of these cartoons are horribly cute, reminiscent of those vile LOVE IS... cartoons from the '70s. Others are quite effective. The best are those done by someone calling himself Eman Artist, who draws in a classic, spare comic-book style. Moses David is depicted as a big, bespectacled, anthropomorphic lion, often with Maria hanging off his arm. While some of the letters are written in pseudo-biblical

the FLIRTY LITTLE FISHY!

By Moses David

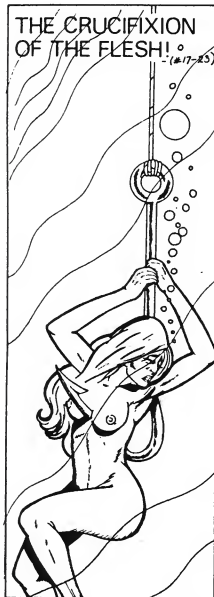
(Illustrated by Eman Artist)



ARE YOU WILLING TO BE BAIT?

were expected to give everything they owned to the cult and sever relations with all members of their family (or at least the ones from whom there was no chance of getting any money). In 1971 one of Berg's daughters went to England to start the first overseas ministry. By 1975 the Children of God had reached most of the countries of Western Europe and some of the communist ones too. Worldwide membership was estimated at around 10,000.

Berg himself had left the U.S. in 1972, following the re-election of Nixon, whom he despised (at least he got something right). He settled in England for a while, making his headquarters in Bromley, Kent, before moving to Tenerife. Increasingly reclusive, he was also becoming sleazier by the second. Incest, group sex, lesbianism, one by one they received the MO seal of approval. (At one point he sanctioned homosexuality too, but quickly changed his mind when there was an



hahhle, especially the ones presented as prophecy uttered by MO in a trance and taken down by Maria, the majority are folksy and conversational. MO comes across as your kindly, concerned dad, though a lot funkier than the one you probably just ran away from. The letters are rambling and extremely repetitive, full of all sorts of weird little digressions and anecdotes from Berg's private life. What they have going for them is a sort of flippant, off-the-cuff feel which makes them unique among the religious writings I have encountered. MO is quite open about his desire to be an enigmatic and distant figure to his followers.

I LOVE BEING A LEGEND - A MYSTERY!
I always wanted to be a ghost when I was a little boy. I loved characters like Dracula and Frankenstein and Tarzan. And I would have added Space Man to my list, but it was too early for him then.

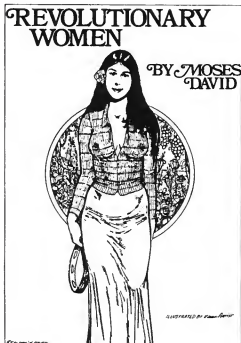
I suspect it is this peculiar mix of authoritarianism and apparent innocence which made the Moses David persona so attractive to hippies.

Some of the imagery MO uses is quite startling. In I AM A TOILET - ARE YOU? he compares his former life as a conventional preacher to being "a beautiful vessel sitting on the mantelpiece". Now that he's mixing with the hippies, however (and "there is hardly anything that one of our dirtiest hippies have done that I haven't also done!" he candidly admits) he is like a toilet, taking the dirt of society, the hippies, and purifying it with a divine flush.

I AM A TOILET, I GET MY INSPIRATION FROM ABOVE: SOMEBODY PULLS THE CHAIN AND DOWN COMES WATER TO FILL ME UP AND FLUSH ME OUT! Down comes the water from Heaven, and it carries everything with it. Pretty noisy too! - Makes a lot of racket!

The letters dealing with prophecy are mostly predictable, the sort of sensationalist stuff fundamentalists have been cranking out for years (MO's particular timetable had the Antichrist appearing in the late '70s, the time of Tribulation beginning in 1989, and Jesus popping down in 1993.) America is the Great Whore, the Reds are going to invade Israel, the Arabs are going to unite under Gaddaffi (with whom Berg was for some reason fixated), there is a world government being planned, etc. When MO gets onto the subject of communism, however, a note of ambivalence creeps in. He is forced to regard communists as tools of Satan - they do advocate atheism after all - but whenever he discusses Marx or Lenin you can't help but notice a feeling of envy and admiration for their revolutionary

achievements. MO constantly refers to his own movement as a revolutionary one and peppers his writings with rhetoric derived from the Left - yet another element certain to go down well with the youth of the day.



The most interesting MO Letters are of course the ones dealing with sex. MO's ideas on the subject are laid out in **REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN**, **REVOLUTIONARY SEX** and **REVOLUTIONARY LOVE-MAKING**. The first of these goes into obsessive detail about what women should wear - a subject to which he has obviously devoted a great deal of thought. As usual, MO pronounces on this thorny problem with authority.

ON THE WHOLE, A WOMAN SHOULD WEAR AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, so as to both partially reveal and yet at the same time partly and provocatively conceal her natural beauty and charm.

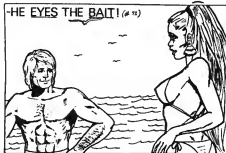
Net stockings are highly recommended, as are see-through blouses, halter-neck tops and other '70s fashions (MO was certainly a man of his time). Women must be careful not to reveal too much, however, lest "familiarity breed contempt". This latter point eventually leads him, in his usual rambling way, to a spirited defence of polygamy.

REVOLUTIONARY LOVE-MAKING is MO's sex



FISHERS OF MEN!

manual, complete with anatomical diagrams, and apart from a few old wives' tales it's actually quite a good one. MO boasts of his own sexual exploits, and sees no conflict between his roles as God's prophet and ageing stud. As he points out, the Bible records that after 120 years, several wives and quite a few children, Moses still had "sexual juices". MO's view of sex is a straightforward one - God made it so you should enjoy as much of it as possible - and if you disregard for the moment his later penchant for child abuse it's a pretty sensible one, certainly preferable to the fierce repression which has been the norm for Christianity. It was undoubtedly this aspect of the cult which led to both its early success and persecution.



In COME ON MA! - BURN YOUR BRA! MO chides a female disciple who has found these letters on sex a little hard to take. If she balks at these latest revelations, he asks, how can she possibly hope to enjoy "the coming orgasm of the spirit...the very wonders of total intimacy with a sexy naked God Himself in a wild orgy of the spirit as his totally surrendered bride." How indeed? And what's more there are "even heavier letters on the way". He wasn't kidding. Less than a week later, in January, 1974, came THE FLIRTY LITTLE FISHY and MO's recruiting brainstorm. There's something incomparably sleazy about the unctuous, pseudo-biblical manner in which

MO, turned God's pimp, exhorts his female followers to go forth and pick up men.

ART THOU WILLING TO BECOME MY BAIT. To sacrifice thy life upon my hook and be devoured of others that they may live and be caught by Me to feed men. Then yield thyself therefore to be pierced through with many sorrows...

YOU'RE SUCH A CUTE LITTLE FISHY, SO PRETTY! You roll those big eyes at them and you peck them with that pretty little mouth and you flirt all around them! - You rap your pretty fins around them and you wiggle your little tail between their legs!

MAY GOD HELP US ALL TO BE FLIRTY FISHIES FOR JESUS to save lost souls for this creel! - Amen? - God bless and make you a flirty Little Fishy for Jesus.

David Berg had achieved a remarkable transformation - from itinerant preacher to the biggest, best organised and most successful dirty old man in the world.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW

Berg's whereabouts has been a mystery since his departure from Tenerife in 1977. Over the years he was rumoured to be in many countries including Switzerland, Mexico and more recently Greece. In 1981 Berg's daughter Deborah left the cult and wrote a book about her experiences, which included being crowned 'Queen of God's New Nation' and being seduced by her father. According to some apparently reliable reports Berg is now dead and control of the organisation has passed to Maria, while Berg's ex-wife has started an offshoot called the Star Family. The cult carries on in many countries, generally operating under the names Family of Love or Heaven's Magic. Cult members live in small groups in 'safe-houses' and keep a low profile. They still make headlines occasionally, as in England in 1990, when a school they were running was discovered in Hertfordshire. Whatever Berg's fate there is no doubt that a great many children have been born into the cult, and have lived the bewildering mix of fundamentalism and free love he conjured up in the MO Letters.





...IF WE DIE WITHOUT JESUS IN OUR HEARTS WE WILL GO TO HELL...

THE FILMS OF RICK BAYLOR

David Slater

Richard Baylor, a relative new-comer to the underground film genre, derives from the Cinema of Transgression stable from which such dignitaries as Zedd, Stark, Kern have evolved. Although his work does contain standard archetypal underground characters and vague influences from Transgression, it is notably original.

Baylor's movies tend to adopt a running theme of 'sex, religion, death' which, of course, makes it appealing to HEADPRESS. This is most evident in his early SINS OF THE FLESH in which he makes a cameo appearance as Christ. His female characters often suffer some kind of abuse before turning the tables on their assailants and inflicting usually fatal retribution on them. This is almost an angry feminist approach which, I suppose, with the usual prosaic use of gutted-gals, is

relatively welcome. Baylor's choice of music - WHITESLUG, SPLINTERED, ANOTHER HEADACHE - also helps to drive the images along and, despite filming direct to video, his techniques are quite effective.

To date he has produced six shorts,

OUR OWN PERSONAL HELL follows the fate of a typical "undergrounder" after he loses his job, his girl, his home and sees a bottle of cheap wine and suicide as his only redeeming solution.

SINS OF THE FLESH explores the patriarchal power of the church using a montage of religious/violent images intercut with erections/spires and fellatio on and off screen.

DEAD LOVE opens with a happy go lucky couple wandering round a devastated industrial landscape (a typical underground back-drop). At home a rox develops over burnt toast. He becomes dominant and abusive, she is receptive and frail. Of course this is a mere prelude to a role reversal and she finally retaliates with a helping of nocturnal mutilation and murder. The girl, now transformed into a neurotic man-hater, returns to the industrial area and lures another victim to a similar fate.

THOUGHTS FROM THE WHITE WALLS. A motorcyclist lies injured in a bed following an accident in which a baby was killed. He is surrounded by white walls and an image of Jesus. A woman approaches. She is the girl whose child was killed in the crash. She wants vengeance, but first needs to replace the lost baby. She squats over the unconscious guy and fucks him. Seed implanted, she then beats him to death with a steel bar.

DUM DUM involves again the usual black clad, long-haired underground type and a disintegrating relationship. The main character seeks consoling with a stolen show-room dummy. He takes it home, dresses it in his ex's clothes. Wines, dines dances and fucks until his ex returns and spoils it all. The dummy is non too happy about this other woman either and blows his brains out as he takes a bath.



GOOD THINGS HAPPEN TO THOSE WHO LOVE THE LORD A bogus preacher pursues and fantasises about a pair of street-walking whores. He dreams of bondage and masturbation but his goal is to spread the word to the unfortunate women.

When he eventually confronts them he is stabbed in the groin and left in the gutter with his bible. They take his cash and leave.

HEADPRESS: What would you say to, "Underground is defined by the clothes the actor wears."?

RICK BAYLOR: I don't think that one can categorize a film by the clothes. German film maker Otto Muehl has created some of the most disturbing images in *SODOMA* or *MAMA AND PAPA* and he doesn't look like a post-punk casualty case. It does tend to follow though, that people who are involved in alternative films also tend to subvert the norm in other areas ie fashion, music, literature etc...



So how would you define "underground"?

"Underground" is an area for people who are not part of the establishment, either by choice or by non-acceptance. In this area people are allowed to do and say what they feel, not what is expected. No matter what the content and style, I feel that a film loses that underground quality when it receives large funding and a large acceptance. John Waters is a good example with *HAIRSPRAY* and *CRY BABY*.

Can you tell us why you make films?

I ultimately create images which I like to see. I'm not too concerned if other people enjoy them or not. I constantly try to progress technically, but I'm more concerned about content than quality. I don't try to preach any messages. In fact, I try to create a window for the viewer to watch a situation and then let them decide what they want. I don't think most viewers even know my feelings on the subject matter, the the important thing is for them to decide for themselves.

The UK underground film scene is as barren as the British mainstream film production. Why do you think this is?

I think it is due to lack of exposure. There is an active alternative music/magazine scene in the UK so it is possible. Because of strict censors, the differences between the NTSC-PAL video systems and a lack of information, these kind of films are almost unobtainable. The tape that I put out cost less than £500, bands spend more on demo tapes. So it isn't too expensive to do. It only takes hard work and persistence.

Have you seen any other UK underground material?

I don't frequent film co-ops and the like, so I guess that some of the film work which accompanies PTV and Chris & Cose is as close as I've seen though I think it is there to promote their music and it doesn't do anything for me. I think England has provided some good directors with subversive or intelligent ideas, but that are considered mainstream. Ken Russell, Nicholas Roeg and Derek Jarman pop into my mind.

Though THOUGHTS FROM THE WHITE WALLS is very much in the tradition of underground filmmaking, DUM DUM and GOOD THINGS HAPPEN... aren't; they're more narrative. Is this what living in England does to movies or is it a reaction?

The main difference between THOUGHTS... and the other two is that THOUGHTS... is very random. It deals with the mental/physical persecution of a man that has caused a serious accident. The images slow and quicken. The last two have dialogue, but, because it is chronological, it appears more cohesive. Another point is that with each film my ability to film, edit etc improves. THOUGHTS... looks quite an abortion now, I was pushing my equipment beyond what it could do.

So is video a medium you prefer to work with or is it just convenient and relatively inexpensive?

Coming into filmmaking with no experience or training, video was a logical stepping stone. It is easy to learn, easy to get hold of and instant. You can also perform all functions crudely in your own home. Having said that I hate the look and feel of video and after spending a lot of energy on a project I feel insulted to call it a "video". In the future I'd like to start using 8mm - 16mm film.

Do censorship regulations restrain you? Would you like to make a no-holds-barred hardcore/hardcore movie or do you prefer the subtle approach?

I've never omitted any scenes because of censorship. An earlier film, SINS OF THE FLESH, dealt with organised religion and

contained scenes of oral sex as a counterpoint to the religious stance of male superiority...

A point made evident by the blatant reference to the church tower as a phallic symbol...

I submitted this film to a showing at the Ipswich Corn Exchange but was politely told that it wasn't what they had in mind. In the end, their film night never came off. I tend to prefer the subtle approach anyhow, but restrictions make you feel uncomfortable, even if you don't plan on breaking them.

Are you deeply involved with the musical side of things? I'm referring to SPLINTERED, WHITESLUG etc. How did they get to be involved?

The music in my films is just as important as the visuals. I work closely with Jason Whittaker and Richard Munn from WHITESLUG, who provide the majority of the music. They are involved with story development, filming and editing. That way the music evolves as the film evolves, best capturing the overall feel. I've found a group of people who's work I can count on. My own work is probably the most suspect. I try to use the music to evoke feelings which I can't do with visuals.



The visuals and music complemented each other extremely well in GOOD THINGS HAPPEN... and SINS OF THE FLESH with its rapid-fire images.

What about DUM DUM? Where did the inspiration for that come from?

I've never seen any of the other "mannequin" films, so any similarities are coincidental. The idea behind DUM DUM is the constant search for satisfaction. I've nothing against that except when it becomes such an obsession that one is blinded by it and can't see what's in front of them. The man in the film isn't satisfied with what he has so he steals a mannequin and tries to create "perfection". The mannequin starts to take on negative qualities and shatters the man's perceptions, leading to a bloody finale. As a side note, next time you are on the High Street, pay attention to the number of mannequins, it is amazing.

Why are the cast watching CALIGULA in DUM DUM?

CALIGULA contained all of these obsessive qualities, though carried to the extreme. A person who always wanted what he morally or legally couldn't have. This cycle of desire and possible fulfilment caused his own destruction, though not by his own hand.

When did EYEFUCK come into being?

EYEFUCK FILM INTER was created as a catch-all for past and present filmwork. The INTER part comes from the heavy involvement of people from America, France and England. I've done one earlier tape which is unavailable at this time and I'm currently working on a future project. The first filmwork I did was in early 1990.

What films and filmmakers do you admire?

There are many filmmakers that I admire, they are not all locked into a particular genre. I'm a big fan of the trash films of Russ Meyer and John Waters as well as the porn films of the Dark brothers and Disney's CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG. My main involvement in film came after being exposed to the New York film scene of Richard Kern, Nick Zedd, Casandra Stark etc...

What about those that you particularly dislike?

I'm disgusted by the teen films of the '80's, for example, PRETTY IN PINK, ST. ELMO'S FIRE etc. I also hold no interest in hard-core gore films which offer nothing more than a splatter of cow entrails on an over paid Italian actress. It is amazing how much money is being thrown out the window on the crap being released now.

That's right, and all these major film companies are going into liquidation and they can't figure why, but everyone else can see

they're producing nothing but shit.

You mentioned Zedd, Stark and Kern. How did you become involved with these people and what do you think of their work?



I've been familiar with their work for several years. My main involvement with them came out of working up submissions for the magazine MASTER BATOR. I think that their films are quite different from each other, although the overall look and feel is similar. Nick Zedd has been putting out films since '79 and is the instigator behind the Cinema of Transgression. Even though Richard Kern gets more press here, Casandra Stark started making films in the mid 80's with the help of Zedd. Nick's approach is a kick in the face as anyone would agree with after viewing POLICE STATE. Casandra's films are more subtle, with a deeper personal feel.

I must admit I think Zedd's POLICE STATE is somewhat overrated. Far more adventurous and threatening I find is his bizarre THE BOGUS MAN. I'd say Stark's films are personal to an extent that they are virtually autobiographical. Were you involved in any way with getting their films distributed in the UK?

Their films are being distributed by 4th Dimension located in Herne Bay. At the time I was discussing my own film distribution with 4th Dimension, I was also contacting Zedd and Stark about MASTER BATOR. It came naturally to connect their work with 4th Dimension.

Their films were previously only available in PAL through ARTWARE in Germany, RADIUM in Sweden and NAUTALUS in Italy. Hopefully, people in England will be more involved if they are exposed to this kind of cinema.

Let's hope so. What involvement do you have with MASTER BATOR magazine?

My involvement is more moral - or rather immoral! - support than actual labour. I've submitted a couple of pieces of collage work, but was more successful at connecting with various contributors. I've worked quite closely with Jason Whittaker through music and film and I'm really pleased with the progression of the magazine.

Do you think there is a future for underground movies in the US

I think that there is a large network of people interested in "underground" films, enough to keep it alive for the time being. Flipping through the pages of FILM THREAT or the UNDERGROUND FILM BULLETIN one can be informed about all types of films, events and distribution. Maybe there has been such a keen interest in films because of America's obsession with television and Hollywood.



How did you come to be living in the UK?

I came to England in '84 because of work. After getting married and changing jobs, I moved back to America. When I lived in the States, I had the typical rebellious attitude towards the government, etc, but after living in England I could not get adjusted to the "American Way of Life". In early '88 we

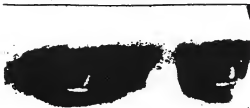
decided to get a one-way ticket back. As it stands, we're quite content, but if the wind blows hard enough, we might go off to France.

Finally, tell us something about your future plans.

I've been approached by FILM THREAT magazine regarding a submission of a proposed compilation tape of underground filmmakers. I'm also in the process of re-editing a film which deals with an abusive relationship and its effects on the two people involved. Another project on the burner is to lay some images down to SPLINTERED's music from PARAPRAXIS, their forthcoming LP. That should prove to be quite interesting. All in all it looks like I've got my work cut out for me.

Note: Due to awareness of video regulations and cost of certification the titles are, as yet, unavailable in the UK. Write to distribution address for further details (see ad elsewhere in this issue).

POLICE STATE



BY

NICK ZEDD

Nick Zedd has spent a lifetime making Underground movies and helping other people make theirs. In his trenchcoat and straight-leg no-wave jeans and hair-tint, Zedd is the unmistakable serious punk of celluloid, Endsville, USA. In some way or another he is involved in the following. (David Kerekes)

THE CINEMA OF TRANSGRESSION

This is a compilation of low-budget Super-8 movies which purports to "have been electrifying a small but supportive cult of cinema enthusiasts bored with the academic

deariness of the established structuralist avant garde." And if by that, you should anticipate a rather bodge-podge 1hr 40mins of film shorts, some bordering on the imaginative while the majority played with their own genitalia, you'd be right. Get to see Lung Leg pull a worm from her mouth in her **WORM MOVIE** - wow. However, among the belly-flops included in **TRANSGRESSION** is one work of near-genius stature. Richard Klemann's **A SUICIDE** is simply that, some long-hair preparing to pop his cork. A series of wires runs from a power source to the guy's flesh. His feet in a bucket of water, the guy has an automatic camera set ready to capture the moment he 'throws the switch'.

POLICE STATE

This is funny. Out walking, Nick Zedd gets pulled in by one of New York's Finest for being a punk, a suspicious motherfuckin no-ID commie junky faggot trying to incite a riot and calling someone "a nigger." What's more, at the station the cops want to know where Zedd has the dope stashed. Zedd is beat up and humiliated by everyone! The dialogue is hilarious and the beatings are excessive, and while Zedd doesn't for a minute let slip his *Nick Zedd; serious punk persona*, the rest of the cast attack their roles with a gusto that borders on the insane. Following on from this, **KISS ME GOODBYE** is a rather futile exercise (Zedd strangles a girl with a necklace, then looks out a window), but **THRUST IN ME** is again an inspired sliver of filmmaking, a parody of the whole New York Underground scene and, one suspects, Nick Zedd. Zedd is seen storming angst-ridden through the streets. He glares at some two-bit punk who stands in his way and punches a hippy to the ground before getting home, wiping his ass on a picture of Christ and thrusting his dick into the mouth of his girlfriend (Zedd in drag) who has just killed herself in the bath. **THE WILD WORLD OF LYDIA LUNCH** is, fortunately, on the end of the tape.

THE LOST FILMS OF CASANDRA STARK

A compilation of three films. In the first, **WRECKED ON CANNIBAL ISLAND**, Casandra Stark has an argument with her boyfriend on hygiene and he storms off, screaming to bewildered passers-by in the street "Leave us alone!" Just above Stark's tush is written "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here" and the soundtrack incorporates electronic hicups - possibly a technical fault - which is nice. **DEAD ON MY ARM** opens to Stark smearing menstrual blood over her face and closes to a (blasted?) Stark spinning round in a church. A woman in prayer attempts not to notice. The final film on this tape is **GO TO HELL**. A guy is shown throwing up, another shooting up. Stark is beaten unconscious; a kiss from Zedd revives her. Wouldn't you just know it - a mushroom cloud ends it all.



WE ARE NOT TO BLAME

Casandra Stark's sister, who has been beaten-up by her husband, comes to stay. Stark can't get a job and climbs on the table. A knock on the door brings the bad husband and all-round display of male arrogance. Stark whacks Jack over the head and the girls tie him up on the roof, take him food and give him a blanket. Stark fantasizes about the bound man and masturbates. Out walking, punk Zedd follows the two girls, watches as they dig a hole; Stark takes a piss, buries 'Jack' and Zedd 'comes on strong'. Has its moments.



MUSIC: AN IRREGULAR COLUMN

Paul Condon

SKIN CHAMBER: WOUND

There's a general weariness around these days with ultra-noise. Just recording everything at overcooked levels and playing it back even louder is a fad that's had it's day (though the small but persistent band of bedroom recorders who still think that the aural torture-creativity will no doubt disagree). It would be easy to blame Controlled Bleeding for starting this fashion back in '83 with the unlistenable *KNEES & BONES* LP, but they moved on years ago, exploring anything from soulful gregorian chant to new agey primitive patterning in their quest for emotionally affecting, rewarding sounds. But their urge to noise never really left them, and so now rather than return to the bad old days it's impelled them towards slow-speedcore and a change of name. This LP doesn't start too promisingly, with some very familiar sounding 10 bpm guitars and thumping drums, but if you stick at it things improve eventually. The basic method of construction is to turn all noise channels to maximum, then to hold down the surge by capturing it with sadomasochistically taut drums and guitars. In the rush to explode extreme emotional states onto the outside world, the sheer frustration slows the music down to an uptight, unending scream of abrasive guitar. Oh alright it's quite a lot like heavy metal - but as P Lemo's background is in loud arty music the end result features special touches that your average thrash band could never conceive. Bizarre industrial samples add a vividly hellish touch to *SEWER OF DREAMS*, an agonising stareout at the scene of violent psychosis, and the abrasive texture is forced beyond what mere guitars can achieve unaided in several other places. It's good as long as they're resisting the temptation to sound like early *SWANS*, which they only manage about half the time. When the tempo picks up it becomes guiltily enjoyable (the lyrics are sick-poetic violent where audible...), though it doesn't get going often enough. This LP torches off so much angst so incandescently it should be recommended as aversion therapy for the criminally violent. The construction is interesting - *MIND GRINDER* and *BURNING POWER* consist of 3 interlocked pieces all of which tug viciously at each other, each gaining mastery for around 1½ minutes a time. The vocals sounds like someone's trying to bring back up the carburettor they swallowed and the drums and the guitar are gracefully balanced to hit home as far as possible. So this is one wound worth at least tentatively licking.

HERMANN NITSCH: MUSIC DER 80.

The trees may be green but nature is red in tooth and claw. Our persistent collective

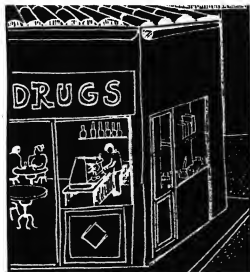


embracing of nature's plus side at the expense of the necessary negative has rendered our existence on this planet diseased and shallow - a flat void for ourselves and a cancer for our biosystem. So people are starting to reawake at last - hope it's not too late... *Sonnengesang*: a noise onslaught for a holy slaughter. Great blood-sodden waves of sound in a slow surge to sacrifice. The volume increases continually throughout the piece with an organic intensity not found in Glenn Branca's rather bombastic walls of sound. Instead of alienating through sheer mindless volume, this music embraces, takes you up into it until by the 30th minute the atmosphere swamps the listener. Huge held string chords, piccolo, and barely-audible chanting bring to mind a heady midsummer celebration. The sheer slowness of the buildup places you outside clock-measured time - back towards the mythic, triggered off by the inherent mystery of sound itself. An ambiguous atavistic ecstasy sets in - creating ek-stasis (being outside oneself) in preparation for the iconostasis, for a bull gave its life as part of the Aktion recorded on this CD. And so thus to *Stierschlachtung*: at a given signal Vienna cafe music is suddenly swamped by a death-maniac doom-laden eruption of ugly sound. Utterly chilling. Death was never meant to be beautiful. But finally comes *Ausweidung*: The feasting and rejoicing can commence. Whistles, rattles, percussive ornamentation and booming drums/bass invoke a mood reminiscent of Zoviat:France's oblique textures, but here more bypnotic and static. Interpretation of art is up to the onlooker ("consumer") and Nitsch's work is usually enjoyed solely for its violence. But it could also help us to regain our place in nature instead of being metaphysics-frightened orphanic onlookers, scared under distant stars (forgetting that we "belong" to the sun). I'd like to see Nitsch's oeuvre more as a strong antidote to the lack of physicality that's enervating modern man. Of course all the ideas in the world won't save a crap record and for sheer texture alone this is a fascinating and deeply rewarding 55 minutes of Sat-Chit-Ananda for those concerned with aeonic time. Another CD from this Aktion is forthcoming.

A SHOT OF SMACK IN CHINGFORD

Wheezer McTeague

We begin the long trek down the trail of scag at the computer of yours truly, Wheezer McTeague, located in my spacious brothel/opium den crowded with nude figurines of tremendously well-endowed men. Wheezer also has a large collection of inflatable animal love-toys and wall-hangings of Roman orgies which we can admire as we pass along the corridor towards the room of 'Swishie', one of our two 'sons'. Now residing at Her Majesty's Pleasure, 'Swishie' desperately sought to come to terms with his mortality by collecting parts of long-dead individuals, 'millions' of which are packed into every corner of his room, awaiting his release.



They allow him to muse on the freedom he once enjoyed when he was innocent, rather than the corn-holing he experiences nightly now he's guilty.

One particularly touching little display I always gag at the sight of is a group picture of all the 'male' members of our family as females: three men each dressed to the nines in drag, and of course my butch 'wife' done out in her best construction worker gear, peering blearily out from beneath her hard hat after a night in the local Working Woman's Sauna and Glee Club.

We pass a large room we use for sales of illegal firearms and the occasional multi-racial gang-bang, though the motif of the room (Surgery Through the Ages, a wallpaper created specially for us by a darling young thing who's working his way through art school with help from the Wheezer McTeague Foundation for Spiritual Growth...) may be a tad distracting to those with a nervous

disposition, as may the 10' by 8' mural of Lovelace's CUNT (not a character study) painted by a close friend of my 'wife'. On with the walk!



As we step outside onto the dogshit-strewn pavement, you might notice the vague stench of the knacker's yard down the alley that leads past our (Irish, I thought I'd better point it out because I didn't think you'd guess) neighbours the Shaughnessy Mulligan Flaherty O'Toole family. The fact that we've succeeded in driving all but these alcoholic slob out of the area gives us a verve glow of satisfaction - what a truly exclusive neighbourhood we have, and what a splendid chap I am!

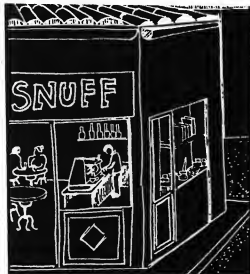
There are no trees in our neighbourhood, the sanitation department having cut them all down because they attracted the attention of Simon 'Semen' Mastodon, a local pervert and child molester who would conceal himself in the lower branches and spread his seed over anyone passing below. But as we walk over a derelict lot we can still make out the evidence of his recent occupation.

Chances are there'll be a fucking pig car passing by in an attempt to 'arrest' me or the remaining free members of my family, but these things don't concern us - the police will probably stop and beat up the small black children 'playing' with the dead dog that fell off the back of the knacker's van anyway. They'll be the only ones too occupied to spy the filth as they sneak up on them, chances are.

We enter the main street and immediately spy an old lady being mugged for her false teeth and the shopping bag full of used condoms she always carries. I go over and give her a half-hearted kick in the throat as

she croaks for help. Most of the local market vendors close their stalls to gather round and mock her. (We hate her! That's Chingford for you!)

Upon coming to Ho Ho Fook's Fuck Pad* we greet the (chinese) waiter/pimp and step inside for a quick plate of cold, greasy noodles liberally covered with a rather suspicious-looking 'meat'. 'Our' favourite Oriental always behaves like an extra in a cheap, racist Monogram 2-movie, grovelling at our feet and babbling about doing our fucking laundry. I spit at him and lash out at him with a steel toe-capped Doc Marten, but he merely drools crazily. Just before I finish my 'food' he sneaks up behind me and, screaming "Fuckee English pig-dog", pisses on the plate. I stah him in the thigh with my shiv, jamming the blade deeply into the bone, and leave, laughing hysterically, while reading myself for the meeting with Stinky 'Pisspants' Adler, the local twelve-year old scag dealer, who will provide us with our shot of smack at "Stinky's Pad".



* a 'fuck pad' is a den of iniquity frequented by friendless and lovelass losers who need to find solace in illicit sexual congress, usually with animals. It's well-known (and used) English slang.



PRETENTIOUS TITS

John Graywood

When I first learned of the Greek Prime Minister's attempt at sugar-daddying an airline hostess, I felt a usual snickering envy. But Papandreu's effort at Zeusian impersonation is more than just another illustration of the manner by which the upper generation monopolises the women of the under generation - the Dirty Old Man who searches for younger skin discharges archetypal insinuations.



The incident examples the way that pre-Christian urges slither beneath the TV screen; the flustered seductions of Andreas Papandreu revitalise the impulses of the classic myths. Rather than lurking in a slimy textbook, pagan rites squirm - electrons tingling - into broadcast journalism.



Adoration of the impertinent breasts of the Aegean stewardess promises a method of resurrecting the ancient mystery cults; veneration of exorbitant titty unfastens heathen possibilities. Each new mistress hurries the reanimation of museum-brassiered idols; every seduction quickens a return of the concealed gods. The toplass images of Dimitra Liani toss and turn beneath my ragged fantasies.

SAVOY WARS

David Kerekes

"Manchester police seized more than 350 copies of the novel two years ago, and last week the magistrate, Mr Derick Fairclough, declared it likely to 'deprave and corrupt' under Section 3 of the Obscene Publications Act."

History has a habit of repeating itself. The above excerpt isn't a reference to the prosecution of the novel **LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN** in 1968, or **INSIDE LINDA LOVEFACE** in 1976, but **LORD HORROR**. And the source, **NEW**

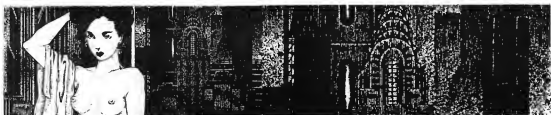
STATESMAN & SOCIETY, is dated 27 September 1991.

LORD HORROR is a fictionalised life of the wartime traitor William Joyce - "Lord Haw-Haw" - who broadcast propaganda messages from Germany to Britain during the Second World War. He was hanged for treason on his return to Britain in 1946. In the novel, Lord Horror searches for Hitler, who has survived the war and has taken refuge in a sea-bunker off the Malayan coast.

What seems to have upset Magistrate



REUTERS/STON



Art: Coalheart/Guido

Fairclough, is the virulent anti-Semitism of the central character. However, the publishers of the book have declared that the book itself is not anti-Semitic, only shocking and amoral. And they have their own theory as to what the furor is really about. LORD HORROR has a peripheral character called "Appleton", obviously based on James Anderton, the former chief constable of Manchester; God's Cop. In the novel, Anderton's speeches are put in Appleton's mouth - but substituting "Jews", where Anderton referred to gays.

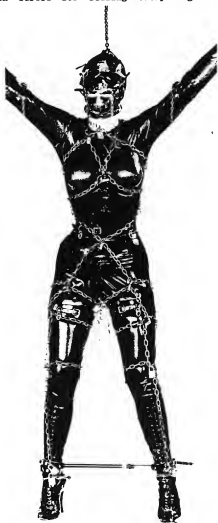
Manchester-based SAVOY is the publishing house responsible for the LORD HORROR novel. But LORD HORROR isn't the be-all and end-all of Savoy. Far from it. Over the years, Savoy have been in constant pursuit of the esoteric and imaginative. Their history of independent and controversial publishing claims such luminary figures as Michael Moorcock, Harlan Ellison, William Burroughs and Jack Trevor Story, amongst others. Not only that, but Savoy are also responsible for taboo-breaking forays into the world of comics. Their adaptation of Moorcock's THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL stands as the first UK-originated graphic novel, while the titles MENG & ECKER and HARD CORE HORROR are the first, and quite possibly only, UK-originated No-Holds-Barred adult comic series.

There's more. As well as rock'n'roll picture books on the likes of Led Zeppelin, and Ted Nugent, Savoy published SINISTER LEGENDS the first work on The Cramps. They remain uncredited for HERE TO GO: PLANKT R101, the celebrated volume on painter, poet and philosopher Brion Gysin, which ultimately came out as part of the RH/SEARCH catalogue.

On a vinyl front, Savoy have deemed it necessary to revisit the hits of The Sex Pistols, David Bowie and New Order and mangle them into peculiar dance-sleaze records. They also "re-discovered" 60s rock idol P.J. Proby and got him to record T.S. Elliot's The Wasteland over an Edgar Varese electronic backing, among other things...

It was Man Ray who once said, "The Public? I think they must accept what comes to them...People who don't create have no right to make a choice in Art." With any earnest attempt to truly probe the psyche of imagination, or purge that hunger called creativity, so too must come the inevitable CONFRONTATION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT. And

Savoy are no strangers to such confrontation. The LORD HORROR saga doesn't herald the first police raid for Savoy, nor the first obscenity prosecution. Savoy can barely put a foot out the proverbial door without receiving a summons. Their retail outlets have been on the butt-end of constant police "interest" over the years, with something well in excess of sixty raids. They have been busted for selling everything from



bootleg vinyl, to having pornographic literature "hidden behind a secret wall."¹

In years past, Savoy have admitted that it wasn't so much Savoy itself that bothered the police, but more the Savoy shops. A combination of shrink-wrapped erotica 'fun packs' and a sound system playing "tapes pressured up high to limits of aural tolerance" was simply posing too public a profile to be ignored. Now it's different. Now it is Savoy itself and the work they produce which has become the focus of attention.

The Greater Manchester Police don't hold a monopoly on being pissed at Savoy, however. At some point or other, the company has managed to rub the wrong way the rhubarbs of UNITED FEATURES SYNDICATE LTD, a Manchester restaurant, Rough Trade, THE ARTS COUNCIL, WH SMITHS...

But we run ahead of ourselves a little. All and more will be revealed in good time in this, a tracing of the most glorious history of the Savoy empire. In an exclusive interview with Michael Butterworth, one of the founding members of the organization, we shall be party to some dastardly deeds, notorious Savoy artifacts, and the viewing of certain other materials yet to see publication. Here then are the years and events leading to the declaration of the SAVOY WARS.



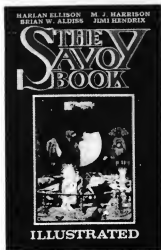
THE SKY BEGINS ON THE GROUND.²

Independent to one another, Michael Butterworth and David Britton were both producing small press publications in the early 1970s. For Britton it was WEIRD

FANTASY, BOGNOR REGIS and CRUCIFIED TOAD, all A4 litho printed fantasy-meets-surrealism magazines covering some film, but mainly artwork and articles by and about such exponents as Poe, Aubrey Beardsley, Mervyn Peake, Alan Garner, early Ramsey Campbell, Brian Aldiss, Clark Ashton Smith, and Manchester artist Ken Reid...

By contrast, Butterworth's CONCENTRATE, CORRIDOR and WORDWORKS - A4 litho, colour covers - were not at all art nouveau but more original fiction: imaginative writers on the small press scene of the 60s/70s, as well as work by Heathcote William, Thomas M Disch, psychologist John Clark, playwright J. Jeff Jones, Trevor Hoyle...

"It was John Muir who introduced us," recalls Butterworth. "Muir used to do BABYLON BOOKS, though he might still be director of Babylon Books, I don't know... anyway, he had a press called WHITE LIGHT at the time, on Upper Brook Street. He was printing my stuff and Dave's stuff, and both of us wanted a more mainstream look and to do paperback books. So, the two of us got together."³



So the two got together, sometime 1974, Britton working as Art Editor on Butterworth's WORDWORKS and CORRIDOR magazines. But what was to be the seed of the Savoy empire had already been sown in 1972, when David Britton and friend Charles Partington opened the shop HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND on Port Street, near the Crown & Anchor. Says Butterworth, "I knew Dave then, but we weren't working together. That was the shop with the brothel upstairs, where, out of good neighbourliness, the ladies running it offered us free wanks. House on the Borderland was the first Savoy shop because it established the formula on which all the others were/are based, selling a mix of rock'n'roll, cinema, fantasy, comics, sf,

art and whatever was streetwise at the time. It was a variant of the formula Bram Stokes pioneered with his London shop DARK THEY WERE AND GOLDEN EYED, from which TITAN BOOKS and FORBIDDEN PLANET later grew."

ORBIT BOOKS, adjacent to the Wheatsheaf pub, Whittle Street, became the second Savoy shop. "From these premises, Charles and Dave published James Cawthorn's adaptation of STORMBRINGER. Charles dropped out almost immediately and, just as Dave had joined me on CORRIDOR and WORDWORKS, I then joined him."

In 1976, Savoy - then SAVOY BOOKS LTD. - was launched with the publication of STORMBRINGER, a 30 page illustrated version of Michael Moorcock's fantasy novel (measuring in at a lowly 427mm x 305mm). STORMBRINGER was the first in a series of four adaptations of Moorcock's works by artist Cawthorn. The other (sensibly modest) titles are: THE SWORD AND THE RUNESTAFF, THE CRYSTAL AND THE AMULET and, of course, THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL.

A tie-up with NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY in 1979 meant that Savoy was able to reissue the best works of writers and artists such as Henry Treece, Harlan Ellison, Jack Trevor Story and Ken Reid, and distribute them world wide.

"In those early days, we were mainly reprinting stuff by people we thought were being neglected. People like Henry Treece and Jack Trevor Story. We did some original titles as well: THE SAVOY BOOK⁴ was an anthology, and we published an original Moorcock work, MY EXPERIENCES IN THE THIRD WORLD WAR."⁵

"The thing about Dave and I was both of us had the same ideas. We're miles apart in personality, but in terms of interests, we both liked Captain Beefheart; we both remembered Ken Reid's Fudge and Speck strips in the MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS..."

In 1938, a young, and hopeful, Ken Reid approached the MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS carrying several lay-outs and a rough script for a strip entitled THE ADVENTURES OF FUDGE THE KLF. The paper decided to run the strip as a regular feature and soon it was appearing every night. With only a handful of brief absences, FUDGE THE KLF ran right up until 1962, and even as late as 1974 reprints were still appearing in their pages.

Reid's strip chronicled the adventures of the elves Fudge and Speck as they made their way through such likely places as the Land of Nowhere, the underworld kingdom of Bubbleville, the sugary planet of Plum-Duff, and Tummy-Ache. The inhabitants of such places had equally peculiar names and preoccupations. "King Bong" for instance was the invisible owner of a pair of magic gloves.

Savoy published a total of six volumes

of Reid's work. "We always have tried to push against the grain one way or another," admits Butterworth, "even when we were bringing people back into public attention. Ken Reid's strip in the MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS was stopped because it was getting too way out and frightening for the kids. We regret we didn't get out as much of Reid's work as we wanted to."



"Let's see what it says." Together, they plodded across to the decaying sign-post and slowly read its disheartening message. "Well!" moaned Fudge, "at least we know where we are now."

SOMETHING YOU CAN DO WITHOUT GETTING YOUR BALLS CUT OFF.⁶

Amid this flurry of publishing activity, the Savoy retail outlets were being "Moonbeamed" by undercover agents in the BRITISH PHONOGRAPHIC INDUSTRY.

"Britain's recording industry has cracked a bootlegging syndicate!" screamed the tabloid press. "Undercover agents working on an investigation code-named OPERATION MOONBEAM have carried out raids in London, Manchester, Newcastle and St. Helens." Beneath familiar mug-shots of Bob Dylan, David Bowie and Elton John ("BOOTLEGGED"), the reports stipulate how, in April, a telephone tip-off set the greased wheels of Operation Moonbeam in motion: "Inquiries led to Manchester, where stocks of bootleg records were being imported from America." The ingenuity of the Moonbeam agents was boundless. "One investigator posed as a manufacturer to infiltrate the network" and "Suspects were trailed all over the country by BPI investigators with long-range cameras."

Operation Moonbeam was conducted in

1979. Both Orbit Books and BOOKCHAIN (the third Savoy outlet, on Peter Street) were affected.

It was a fair cop. Among the five men and a woman to appear in the High Court in London was David Britton, who agreed to pay BPI £7,250 for damages and costs, as well as agreeing to a permanent injunction not to make, sell or offer for sale any bootleg recordings.

"We were two days late making the first payment of £1000," says Butterworth of the fine. "They sent the cheque back and instructed the bailiffs to move in straight away and stuck further costs on top. This was our second bust...at Orbit Books we had been done over by the BPI as early as 1976."

THE TIMBERLAKE BOMB
STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
WHAT IS AND SHOULD
NEVER BE
WHOLE LOTTA LOVE
MINNESOTA SLITS
THE LEMON BOMB



STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

Although their output was to this point pretty catholic, the publication of works by sf authors Samuel Delaney and Charles Platt was to cause considerable upset.

Of Delaney's novel *TIDES OF LUST* one reviewer said, "...might be described as a pornographic picaresque; it's a chronicle of various sorts of sex, hetero and homo, but lingering on rather down-&-dirty black/white S/M of a sort what would be automatically labelled racist (among other things) if the author weren't black." The book follows a

diverse collection of people in their search for erogenous gratification. Similarly, Platt's *THE GAS* is a novel of sf eroticism, perversion and insanity. Despite *THE GAS* having been Savoy's most consistently requested title, no reviews exist of the book. Neither were Savoy able to secure an English distributor bold enough to release it and potential readers had to purchase it direct from the publishers.⁷

In November of 1980, thousands of pounds worth of retail stock was seized by police. Savoy offices and all the Savoy shops were raided in a co-ordinated swoop. Butterworth elaborates: "THE GAS was first published by OPHELIA PRESS in the States. Savoy was alone in giving it a UK publication. The police seized it, as well as copies of Samuel Delaney's *TIDES OF LUST* - and one copy of Jack Trevor story's *THE SCREWWRAPE LETTUCE!* - but did not get the full print run. The main problem was not so much the police but the booktrade - no one except us would sell *THE GAS*. Our only outlets for it were our own shops." (By this time, Savoy had also *STARPLACE* on Oldham Street - it no longer exists - a *BOOKCHAIN LEEDS LTD*, and *CHAPTER ONE* in Liverpool about to open).

Savoy Books Ltd was forced into voluntary liquidation in February of 1981. Was this a direct result of that raid?

"A combination of things. The collapse of New English Library (NEL) and, since 1976, continual police harassment. New English Library were getting our books all over the world, but they had the rug pulled from under them because *TIMES MIRROR* in America - who own *NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY* - pulled the rug from under them and our distribution collapsed, too. We were also getting a lot of raids; that was the time Anderton was



going potty. He raided our shops about 60 times. We just couldn't survive as Savoy Books Ltd anymore, and so went into liquidation."



Raids of the frequency Savoy had become accustomed to began in Manchester in 1976. James Anderton took over as Chief Constable of Greater Manchester Police on July 1st, 1976. Between the years of 1977 and 1981 Anderton, in an annual report to London, claimed that he obtained from magistrates a total of 1,010 search warrants issued specifically for the purpose of raiding under the Obscene Publications Act (meaning that on average, at least one Manchester high street shop and distributor was being raided every two days).

The confiscation of the novels *THE GAS* and *TIDES OF LUST* was just part of a major raid on Savoy that ultimately resulted in the prosecution of both Britton and Butterworth, and landed David Britton in prison (albeit a full nineteen months later). Britton and Philip Bunton (shop manager) at Orbit Books were charged with selling obscene material for gain, in an operation utilizing about 25 police officers and vehicles, as well as an unknown amount of plain-clothed policeman who had been observing stock movement for about a week before the raids.

The "obscene" material took the form of seven paperback books:

NO PLACE FOR A LADY, A. De Granamour; *SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS*, Kenneth Harding; *MAMA LIZ DRINKS DEEP*, Howard Rhinegold; *MAMA LIZ TASTES FLKSH*, Howard Rhinegold; *SECRET SISTERHOOD*, Howard Rhinegold; *CRUEL LIPS*,

Marcus Van Heller; and, *TWO SUSPICIOUS GIRLS*, Katy Mitchell.

Section Three of the Obscene Publications Act appertains to softcore publications. After a summons has been served, the Defendant attempts to show in court why articles seized are not obscene under the meaning of the law and therefore should not be forfeited. The only penalty which can be incurred under a Section Three is the destruction of stock. Contrary, Section Two of the Act appertains to hardcore publications and is a criminal offence, resulting in fines and/or imprisonment as well as forfeiture of stock.

Although Britton, Bunton and Butterworth were charged with Section Two of the Obscene Publications Act, none of those seven titles can earnestly be described as "hardcore" - that is, what is commonly circumscribed by such terminology. The books themselves are all pretty much variations on a familiar theme, of a type that hinges on a series of predictable sexual encounters around a minimal plot; they're essentially tongue-in-cheek. The books had already been freely available in most bookshops and newsagents around the country.



Lord Haw-Haw "Bertie Wooster type", Dave Britton

Published in the 70s by the prestigious American outfits, GROVE PRESS and VENUS FREEWAY PRESS, Savoy picked the seven titles up at remainder prices in 1978 (meaning that they must have been freely imported into the country, in spite of HM Customs censorial powers). Furthermore, these same titles had already been seized from Savoy and returned by the police on some occasions, while on

others, seized and subsequently destroyed without being used to obtain criminal charges. Why a sudden reversal?

In SAVOY DREAMS, the second volume in a proposed trilogy of anthologies, Michael Butterworth addresses an open letter to the reader with regard to this "puzzling" case. In the piece - entitled UNDER SIEGE - he lays claim that the trial of Britton and Bunton was not altogether unbiased, that the judge was out to make an example and "nail Dave."

Also, because the raids had cost many thousands of pounds to execute, to bring the men to trial was, in some measure, a justification of this vast expenditure of public money. Of the trial itself, Butterworth stipulates that Judge Hardy's "manner (for example the tone of his voice) frequently gave otherwise fair and just

pronouncements an inflexion." Of Hardy's summing up to the jury, Butterworth has transcribed the speech and made references to a total of 11 points which "until that precise moment had not been brought up in court; which might refer to parts of the law which nebulously remained unexplained; which I felt might be inaccurate; which appeared to me to be an opinion; which appeared to be biased interpretations; which appeared to be denials of points raised by our barrister."

As a result and after much deliberation, the jury found the men guilty. Philip Bunton received a one month suspended sentence. David Britton was sentenced to 28 days imprisonment (of which he served 19). Inexplicably, the case against Butterworth, who was to have been tried separately, did not come to court. Britton later recounted



Above/opposite: John Coulthart artwork for HARD CORE HORROR #3

to Butterworth that the guards who escorted him to the cells afterwards had thrown up their hands in disbelief. The general consensus was that the sentence was "unnecessarily severe."

There followed widespread press denouncement over the imprisonment.

On the morning Britton was released from Strangeways, one of the shops was again raided and relieved of 'erotica'.



LIFE DOESN'T GIVE A RAT'S ARSE WHO LIVES IT.⁸

"They were like the bottom market," says Michael Butterworth of New English Library, "there wasn't a lot which was lower than they were. They weren't well regarded in literary circles."

Interesting titles, though.

"They were good for us because they were on rocky ground and they wanted more titles to boost their list, you see, especially titles which would give them credibility like ours. So the partnership lasted until they finally got the rug pulled from under them."

Immediately following the liquidation of Savoy Books, SAVOY EDITIONS LTD was formed, packaging rock books through companies like MUSIC SALES and PROTEUS BOOKS. Among these rock books were the large format Led Zeppelin IN THE LIGHT; AC/DC biog, HELL AIN'T NO BAD PLACE TO BE; a DAVID BOWIE PROFILE and THE LEGENDARY TED NUGENT. The original cover of the Nugent work was deemed too far over the top for wholesale distributors W.H. Smith; Britton: "The final design by OMNIBUS PRESS, like all their Rock jacket designs, achieved the required condition of muzek."

Butterworth: "Savoy commissioned, originated, conceived and performed every function except shit the ZEP, AC/DC, BOWIE and NUGENT books. The latter action was performed for us by Proteus Books and Music Sales. After our debacle with the police and the collapse of New English Library, Savoy was temporarily on its uppers and could do no publishing itself. We kept active by 'packaging' books for other publishers, still costly in terms of originating the material to professional standards, but not as costly as printing. THE BERNARD MANNING BLUE JOKE BOOK - the only Bernard Manning joke book! -

was a Savoy book which we packaged to our former distributor, NEL, who had re-emerged as part of the HODDER & STOUGHTON group."

On the subject of packaging - though "not really in the realm of 'packaging' but more a labour of love" - Britton edited and assembled THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAPTAIN BEEFHEART (1977) for Johnny Muir's Babylon Books. He was partly responsible for Babylon's FRANK ZAPPA book. "Dava also gave Morrissey quite a lot of information that Morrissey, as author, eventually put into Babylon's JAMES DEAN book."

A major disappointment for Butterworth and Savoy are those titles that "got away" amid the company's 'reorganisation'. UK paperback rights for William Burroughs' CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT were purchased by Savoy but had to be relinquished following the demise of Savoy Books Ltd. Michael Moorcock's novel THE BROTHEL IN ROSENSTRASSE was originally commissioned by Savoy but, again, had to be



relinquished. Savoy Books Ltd were also set to publish the collected works of Gerald Scarfe, having assembled with the assistance of Scarfe 90% of the artwork which was to eventually appear in THAMES & HUDSON's book, GERALD SCARFE. At the time, complications that arose over the exact ownership of Scarfe's work for Pink Floyd's film, THE WALL, precluded use of that cartoon work in Savoy's book. This was later resolved and was used in the Thames & Hudson edition.

Despite pre-publication advertising for Nik Cohn's definitive rock'n'roll novel, JOHNNY ANGELO, the title was six years late coming out. The intended run was printed up, never jacketed. In 1984, only ten "advance printer's" samplers were in existence. The book, now finally bound, follows the career of Johnny Angelo, a hybrid of all things Rock'n'Roll, from his unhinged and hedonist lifestyle to his inevitable demise and consequent legendary status. Interestingly, Savoy were scheduled to publish not one but two versions of the novel. The first version, carrying the book's correct title, is a reprinting of the powerful SECKER & WARBURG original. The second version, to have carried the slightly but significantly different title, I AM STILL THE GREATEST SAYS JOHNNY ANGELO, and set to appear more or less simultaneously, was to have been a reprint of Cohn's revised, more formal, less powerful 1970 PENGUIN edition. This, because Savoy felt that both versions together told the full story of Johnny Angelo.

Author Cohn - who went on to write SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER - had created in JOHNNY ANGELO, an iconoclast not a million miles removed from that of disgraced 60s star P.J. Proby. Little wonder Savoy should have been interested. More later.

Another work that "got away", a recollection that rifles the slightest pique for Michael Butterworth, is Brion Gysin's PLANET RIOT: HERE TO GO. Gysin, interviewed by Terry Wilson, gives a travelogue of his ideas, theories, adventures and philosophies. He relays how William Burroughs came to improvise new meaning from the newspaper cut-ups he experimented with; mirror staring (the first step in personality-switching); the machineries of joy; drugs, sex, and space travel without rockets (HERE TO GO being a reference to the 'meaning of it all' - mankind is "here to go" into space).

Confirms Butterworth: "Re/Search published that. The book was my idea. I myself originated it, though I was never credited in it. I commissioned Terry Wilson to do it and William Burroughs to write the introduction, and after Savoy Books Ltd got into its difficulties, Terry took it off me and gave it to Re/Search. They've done a very good job, but he hasn't credited me; he's just taken it as his book. If it wasn't for me he wouldn't have got that book. He 'stole the keys'."



LISTEN THEN NOT AS THOUGH YOU WERE 'THERE' AT THE TIME, NOT AS SOMEONE SOAKED IN SPURIOUS NOSTALGIA, BUT AS YOU ARE NOW, WITH AN ALERT AND SARDONIC MIND.⁹

The eve of 1984 saw the publication of Savoy's second anthology, SAVOY DREAMS, the first book under the new imprint, simply SAVOY.

"We were back paying for the printing ourselves," says Butterworth, "but from that date have done without a distributor, and our print runs (once in the 10s of thousands, eg. 30,000) are now in single 1,000 units. After our experiences with NEL - who pushed their titles to the detriment of ours - we will only consider a deal where money is up-fronted as an investment in ourselves as producers. That way, the distributor will be sure to look out for Savoy."

September of 1985 heralded the start of SAVOY RECORDS, and the first P.J. Proby single release for the company, TAINTED LOVE. Sylvie Simmons wrote of the record in KERRANG!, "Single of singles! The song Soft Cell made a hit gagged and chined in some leatherette-lined sewer deep below the earth's epidermis. Sounds like a motorway pile-up in Hell. The band just go for it and P.J. sounds gloriously bad and sleazy. As he says on one side, 'It's a tasty world.'"

Born in America, P. J. Proby made demo discs for Elvis Presley in the late fifties and early sixties, and appeared in several B-western movies. He came to Britain after being discovered by TV producer Jack Good, who first displayed him on a Beatles TV spectacular in 1964. A flamboyant character, Proby wore his long hair in a ponytail and dressed in tight velvet trousers, fancy shirts and buckled shoes. His strong, throbbing voice perfectly suited the image.

Over the next four years he had numerous hits, and his debut album in 1965 was a commercial success. However, Proby was

always a controversial figure, and trouble followed him throughout his career. He started off by upsetting theatre managers by refusing to take the stage without first being paid, and followed this by splitting his trousers during the performance. Trouble started on a 1965 Cilla Black tour, on which Proby was the main attraction. Initially, Proby was given the benefit of the doubt as to whether the trouser-splitting was an accident, but then the 'accident' occurred again and again. Of one concert, RECORD MIRROR reported of Proby, "(he) leaped about, covered his right ear with a hand, splayed his legs and executed a series of grinds as performed in a number of out-laved burlesque houses in the States. Ecstatic teenage girls, beside themselves with desire, hurled themselves like human bullets at the line of commissioners guarding the stage."



P.J. Proby

That's not all. The RECORD MIRROR reporter went on to record that, later in the show, Proby "saw fit to introduce into his act a gesture which I personally considered in extremely bad taste. He very carefully put one hand on the top of his trousers and slowly pulled down the material to reveal some inches of flesh at the top of his leg." From then on, "the act developed into an erotic display. One which many people will agree was not fit to be put on in front of young girls." Not that Proby had finished: "Again, his hand was run from knee to knee, via his stomach. His behind was massaged and his trousers were torn from the

knees to the top - deliberately...with one hand, he ripped one leg all the way up from the knee...the Texan crawled across the stage, ripped the other trouser leg and did the splits revealing a wide expanse of flesh. After a series of gymnastics, Proby placed a hand between his legs and did another grind. This was not a man going just far enough, this was a man going too far."

The RANK/ABC organisation agreed and banned him from their venues, as did BBC TV.



Proby publicly declared that Tom Jones - who made his name as Proby's replacement on Cilla's tour - was rubbish and challenged him to a singing match. The contest never took place, and by 1968 Proby was bankrupt. He appeared in a couple of Jack Good stage productions in the 70s (a rock musical version of OTHELLO, and as the elder Elvis in ELVIS ON STAGE), but for the most part was out of favour with the public and press alike. He later faced court appearances for assaulting his girlfriend, and again made the headlines when, at 45, he wedded a 16 year old.

In the studio in 1986, Proby told Savoy that his young wife, Alison, had left him and that this particular recording - HEROES, the Bowie song, which he sang as a straight forward love song addressed to Alison - would be his last. He was intending to shoot Alison and then "join his father in the sky." In an interview with i-D magazine, Dave Britton spoke of Proby, "...he's a man who's deteriorated a lot since I've known him. When he's sober he's nice and sweet and when he's drunk he's angry and bitter and wants to die. His liver's shot and he's got all the problems that come with being an acute alcoholic. I'm told he's lost all sensation in his feet for instance. He's too ill to

perform...he can't learn new songs sufficiently well to do on stage."

How did Savoy get involved with Proby?

Butterworth: "Well, we started doing a biography of him (1982). We went round interviewing him - got miles of cassette tape which we hoped to turn into a book - and we decided what he needed more than anything else was a record. He hadn't done anything



serious for about 16 years. So we started working with him."

What's the arrangement?

"All the Proby stuff we do is new, that is, it's our origination, our concept, our arrangement, production, everything. We're more or less using Jim really as a Max Headroom singing head! It's his voice, attitude and enthusiasm that we're using on the records."

Of the singles that Proby has recorded for Savoy, are covers of contemporary anthems such as Joy Divisions's LOVE WILL

TEAR US APART, David Bowie's HEROES, The Sex Pistols' ANARCHY IN THE UK, Prince's SIGN O THE TIMES, Phil Collins' IN THE AIR TONIGHT, and The Cramps' GARBAGEMAN.

"The B-side of LOVE WILL TEAR US APART, the live-version," recalls Butterworth, "was recorded in an old schoolhouse on the Rippenden Road, near Oldham, a block away from the church where Joy Division recorded the original. We went there just to get a sense of history, simply for ourselves, recording on the doorstep of the original. One week after our recording was made, kids from the nearby Sholver Estate burnt the school to the ground - a fucking good omen! The out of tune backing is deliberate. We de-tuned the synth so it would sound like inept Velvet Underground."

Press reaction to Savoy and Proby's recordings ranges from "Reeks of insanity" MELODY MAKER, "Hideously fascinating" CREEK, to "A very, very sick man in every sense of the word" HOT PRESS, and "The only way Proby will get on our show is when he's dead" John Fleming, producer of CHANNEL 4's THE LAST RESORT. 10

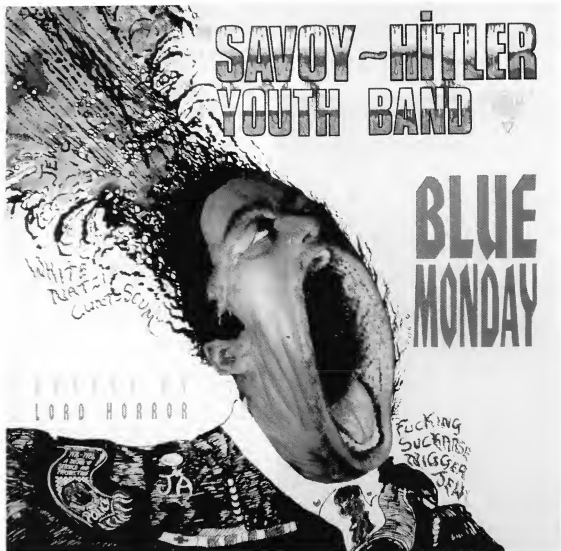
In a Savoy original composition, M97002: HARDCORE (being Dave Britton's prison number in Strangeways), P.J. Proby teams up with Madonna...it says on the lyric sheet. The duo warble their way through an outre gauntlet, volleying such lines as: "Telly Savalas uses his bald head as a phallus/He leaves vaseline everywhere he sits/What a knob...I am a dick-licker/I am a cunt lover/I am the erse fucker."

LONDON EVENING NEWS, 22 September 1987, carried the front page headline "Madonna in porn record row."

Of all Savoy's recordings, Butterworth says: "They occupied a great deal of our time as producers in the middle and late 80s. We were consciously trying for an ironic juxtaposition between the old and the new, so that there are lots of 50s rock'n'roll references in the records, as well as literary ones: on ANARCHY IN THE UK we sampled the voices of T.S. Elliot, William Burroughs and Harlan Ellison."

For their version of BLUE MONDAY, Savoy introduced one "Lord Horror" on vocals.¹¹ The backing track on that record uses the exact same samples New Order used on their track, borrowed from Peter Hook's files "...only we well warped it."

Savoy's BLUE MONDAY, released October 1986, credits "The Savoy-Hitler Youth Band". On the sleeve is the gaping-mouthed, screaming head of a bearded gentleman losing his brains, around which are scrawled the statements, "White Nazi Cunt-Scum" and "Fucking Suckarse Nigger Jew". Furthermore, the figure is attired in a black uniform, wearing the emblems "J.A." and "1976-1986, a decade of



This is the record that did it*

service and protection, Greater Manchester Police". On the reverse of the sleeve is a backdrop comprising scenes at the Liberation of Dachau.

The record never got further than press review copies. No distributor would touch it. More later.

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS RAPE...WHEN YOU'RE WEARING A SUPERMAN CAPE.¹²

"Horror reared back up and slipped the bloodied razors carefully into his own mouth and sucked them, sliding his thick tongue over and over the keen blades. Stretching

his pop-eyes, Horror pulled the blades free from his mouth and jumped from the man's shoulders, landing solidly in front of him. He turned around and heaved his frame upwards, catching the Jew in mid-fall. He ran his twin razors up the full length of the man's exposed chest, completely parting the neck and splitting the anguished face. The Jew finally collapsed, and amongst the infrasound of roaring blood Horror dipped his head into the open chest, laying still for a while in the soft ooze within. He snuffled, swallowed a mouthful of the blood. Edging further inside the gash he gripped one of the man's organs, knotted with veins, between his

horse teeth and tore it away. He stood up, letting the organ trail in the wind, and then dashed it against the back window of a terrace house, where it clung like a piece of red afterbirth on a glass slide..."

LORD HORROR, 1990, pg 94

BRITTON · LORD HORROR · SAVOY

L · O · R · D
H O R R O R
D · A · V · I · D
B R I T T O N

S · A · V · O · Y

In May of 1989, Savoy published the David Britton novel **LORD HORROR**, the first book to fictionally explore Auschwitz and the Holocaust without the utilisation of sympathetic characters.

Later, in June, Savoy launched its No-Holds-Barred comics line with **LORD HORROR** #1¹³ and **MENG & ECKER** #1.

July brought the Meng & Ecker 12" vinyl release, **SHOOT YER LOAD/GOLDEN SHOWERS**, another slice of sleaze Hi-NRG dance (the B-side opening with "Open your mouth let me piss in it/There's more to sex than a pair of tits").

In September 1989, copies of **LORD HORROR**

the novel, **LORD HORROR** comics and records, **MENG & ECKER** comics and records, were seized from Savoy offices and retail premises by Manchester police.

First of all, how did the character "Lord Horror" come about?

"That's a long story really, based on William Joyce the so-called "British traitor". He's also based on characters like Zenith the Albino from the Sexton Blake magazines of the 1930s. But, as for how he came about or why did we choose him, that's a longer story. Where do you want me to begin?"

At the beginning.

"Ha! Well, put it this way... Some of the over-riding things of my generation were rock'n'roll; the atom bomb; the Second World War - there's probably others but those are the big three - as a kid in the 50s you didn't know if you were going to wake up the next day because the bomb had been dropped. So, my early work had been about post-atomic landscapes and such-like; the stuff I'd been writing for Mike Moorcock's **NEW WORLDS** magazine. But then I started to get interested in the Holocaust. By then, Dave had got together a series of characters for a novel he wanted to write - which, at the time, didn't include the Lord Horror character.

"I started writing a story featuring a fictionalized Adolf Hitler in South America - swamps...cliches, but it was a way that I could try to say what I wanted to say about the whole Nazi movement: why it arose, why an obscure person like Hitler rose to such power, how come so many people were liquidated, how come it happened the way it did, isn't everyone responsible. That's what I was trying to say in my story.

"It sparked Dave to start writing - though obviously he didn't want to write about Hitler. He was looking around for another character and eventually hit on William Joyce, Lord Haw-Haw. That's how it came about in literal terms."

What happened to Hitler in the South American swamps?

"I stopped writing mine because I was getting bogged down with it! I decided Dave's was the book, and helped him get it into shape instead. It took four years to write it."

The events surrounding the seizure of the **LORD HORROR** novel and comics are as follows: **SEPTEMBER 15th 1989. JEWISH TELEGRAPH NORTH WEST** runs a front page story about the **LORD HORROR** novel. In the piece, the **TELEGRAPH** highlight parts of the book containing Chief Constable of Manchester James Anderson's pronouncements on gays, pornographers, anti-churchgoers, and left-wingers. In one of the speeches, Savoy substituted the word "gay" with the word "Jew" to draw the comparison

between Anderton's speeches and those of 1930s political anti-Semitism.

SEPTEMBER 19th 1989. MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS runs the same story next to a photograph of Anderton. Like the TELEGRAPH, it announces that the Police Chief "is investigating" LORD HORROR.

UNSPECIFIED DATE. Posing as members of the public, police purchase copies of the MENG & ECKER and LORD HORROR comics from the Savoy shops. This enables them to obtain seizure

orders. It was described as anti-Semitic, while passages of the novel were read out loud in court. David Britton defended his work stating that passages had been read out of context. The novel, he said, was "not anti-Semitic; only shocking and amoral" but it was Lord Horror, the character, who "is anti-Semitic, that is what it is all about. If you are going to do an anti-Semitic character, then you have to do it to the one-hundredth degree."

BUT STILL BANNED BY 90% OF COMIC SHOPS

warrants from Stipendiary Magistrate Derick Fairclough.

SEPTEMBER 26th 1989. Police simultaneously raid Savoy offices and three of their retail outlets in Manchester, seizing, as well as non-Savoy material, all copies of MENG & ECKER comic #1 and LORD HORROR comic #1. The cover artwork of the former depicts the decapitated head of James Anderton. All copies of the LORD HORROR novel are taken, too.

OCTOBER 17th 1989. Greater Manchester Police Headquarters. Acting under orders from superiors, Detective Inspector Wood conducts separate hour-long interviews with David Britton and Michael Butterworth. The interviews focus on the contents of the LORD HORROR novel and MENG & ECKER comic #1.¹⁴

JULY 1990. Summonses dated 19th July 1990 are served on Britton and Butterworth under Section Two of the Obscene Publications Act.

SEPTEMBER 10th 1990. Britton and Butterworth appear before Stipendiary Magistrate Fairclough. To get a quick sentence it is usual police practice to bring Defendants before the same magistrate who issues the seizure warrants. Mr Fairclough makes it plain that as far as he is concerned a prison sentence is inevitable. To obtain a fairer hearing, before a possibly unbiased judge, Savoy elect to go before a crown court - and enter a plea of not guilty. Savoy are remanded on bail until a court date can be made.

OCTOBER 1990. Fingerprints of Britton and Butterworth are taken at Bootle Street Police Station. Under new police laws, Defendants have to give their fingerprints when charged.

Elizabeth Young, reporting in the NEW STATESMAN, said of the novel, "LORD HORROR, unlike AMERICAN PSYCHO, is a work that outrages current taboos on racism: taboos so strangled that no one may transgress them."

Almost two years after it had been seized, at a hearing on 28 August 1991, Magistrate Fairclough upheld LORD HORROR as

Britton continued, "It does concern me that some Jews might find it upsetting, but others would accept it for its reality. There is no point pretending that these sort of people do not exist...I wanted my book to go over the top, to be taboo breaking. Even then, I could not possibly hope to measure up to the reality of the Holocaust."

Britton told the court, "My father was Jewish."

Savoy are being represented by Geoffrey Robertson QC. who was on the OZ trials and more recently successfully defended the 'Spycatcher' case, and also got Niggaz With Attitude distributors, Island Records, off the hook.



Butterworth: "An interview last year in THE OBSERVER with frustrated anonymous Manchester police officers made it quite clear that they

recommend a prosecution under Section Two (Hardcore material), but the Crown Prosecution Service (DPP) declined to act. The police therefore pressed ahead with Section Three, actually a more oppressive law than Section Two. Although Section Three doesn't carry a criminal penalty, under it Magistrates are empowered to destroy the stock without a jury. Magistrates like Derick Fairclough do so with great regularity, working in tandem with the police to suppress material they find objectionable. Also, in the event of a Section Two being successfully obtained, all past Section Three offences are dragged up to prove you have been warned, and that you are a persistent flouter of the law.

"Because the police had got a Section Three on the book, we found we couldn't go to Crown Court to defend it in front of a jury. We had no choice but to have it judged by Fairclough. Despite protestations from our Barrister (Geoffrey Robertson had not then taken over the case) that LORD HORROR was not obscene under the terms of the Obscene Publications Act, Fairclough decided otherwise and upheld his own charge. Nobody, except us, seemed to find the result...quite amazing!

"The procedure the police took is a replay of what has gone before...when they prosecuted us ostensibly for erotic but actually for THE GAS and TIDES OF LUST. The DPP will not allow the police to prosecute us for the Savoy material because they know bloody well that before a jury we'd win hands down; even if we lost, we'd win, because of the precedent that would be set of a work of art or literature being found obscene; whereas with 'backdoor' censorship they win every time.

"The appeal we are making at the moment, with Geoffrey Robertson defending, we made as a result of the destruction order brought about by Fairclough."

IT'S LIKE BEING IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM, WITH PERMISSION TO MASTURBATE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.¹⁵

"Garfield is perceived as a wholesome and endearing character, with a hint of child-like rebelliousness, with whom all the family can identify." So said prosecution witness Ausbert De Arce (managing director of a Dutch company owned by United Features Syndicate) of Savoy's usage of the lovable feline rogue in one issue of their MENG & ECKER comic series.

Meng and Ecker are off-shoot characters from the novel LORD HORROR. They are Lord Horror's "obsequious psychotic" side-kicks. In the comics, these characters (bearing the slightest of facial resemblances to Britton and Butterworth, perhaps) are an irreverent, wise-cracking pair, paving their own

inimitable way through society. All of Meng & Ecker's yarns bring them into contact with familiar-looking faces; everyone from Judge Dredd to Royalty. At one point, Fudge the Elf claims that Meng is his alter ego. Meng, at the time, happens to be moaning he'll need a foreskin transplant while shafting a dry "old Granny" (who, it must be said, bears the slightest of facial resemblances to Margaret Thatcher). In MENG & ECKER #3, the doppelganger of a certain bearded ex-Chief of Manchester Police in full riot-gear regalia is also seen being KY-jellied by Meng. No one is spared; Tank Girl and even Ramsey Campbell are in there.



"Campbell was in there," says Butterworth, "because he asked to be in there. So we put him in. But we spelled his name wrong...which he didn't like. We apologized and inadvertently spelt it wrong again some other time. Tank Girl, we put her in because we liked her. She is one of the few comic characters that we actually like. The other comic characters we were lempooning because we felt the artwork was inferior...and these were the comic characters that the media was putting forward as being excellent. In our opinion they weren't excellent." (Non-excellent comic characters get desiccated, diced or porked; however, because Tank Girl 'holds her own' she is portrayed as a chick with a dick, and butt-fucks Meng).

"We probably paid about £20,000 last year on court costs and fines," says Michael Butterworth. Not surprisingly, 1991 was a year in which Savoy brought nothing new out; a result of the LORD HORROR wrangle, and also the out-of-court settlement of a 10 month legal battle with UFS.

United Features Syndicate showed an interest in the MENG & ECKER comic. In issue 4, an eight-frame sequence featuring a cat bearing great resemblance to Jim Davis' Garfield appears. Meng is seen to shoot his load over the cat. Defending their copyright, UFS initiated extensive investigations of Savoy's activities. These investigations by UFS solicitors and agents - including the covert use of an ex-Vice Squad officer - ultimately resulted in, you guessed it, forcing a seizure of all copies of the comic and artwork relating to it.

"...even a faint suggestion of obscenity would destroy Garfield as a marketing tool" said UFS. But aren't such high-profiled creations being lampooned everyday, elsewhere? For high-profile figures, isn't lampooning simply par for the course? Yes they are, and yes it is.

One of the major factors as to whether copyright holders of such creations as Garfield should take action, is if they feel that the perceived morality of their cartoon character will be damaged by the satire. But there is another factor which should be taken into consideration, one which UFS appear to



So, has the whole UFS issue more to do with Savoy's legacy of controversy than it has to do with the possible, but unlikely, "destruction of a marketing tool"?

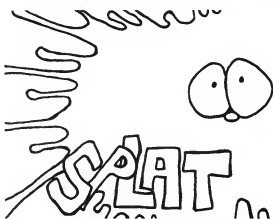
In the heart of Manchester town centre, in a place just on the outskirts of St Anne's Square, resides a pleasant if modest coffeehouse by the name of MENG & ECKER. Offended by the allged use of their name but without sufficient funds to do anything about it, the lawyers of this pleasant if modest coffee house saw an opportunity arise for action when Garfield looked to get a good porking in MENG & ECKER #4. They contacted the UK licensees of Garfield, who passed their letter on to UFS.

Did the title MENG & ECKER come about from the coffeshop of the same name?

Butterworth: "I could never say that on tape (laughs)! Meng is short for Mengele; Ecker is short for Eckhart, the Nazi poet. You can make up your own mind from that! Well, according to the Meng & Ecker restaurant, we have ripped off their name, and they touted this to United Features."

How do you manage to cope with all these problems and prosecutions?

"You just go from one crisis to the next really. They're all of your own making



have overlooked in their investigative study. Michael Butterworth, in the September 1991 issue of COMICS INTERNATIONAL, addresses one of the points of the litigation, that of damages. He says: "For all United Feature's thoroughness in the business of detection they were unable to apprehend the most obvious fact about Savoy - our tiny status relative to their own."

MENG & ECKER's circulation is 2,000.

anyway, so you just cope with it. If you set out to do something new or rarely done, then you have to know that - how can I put it? - that the machinery is going to catch you in its cogs. The society you're born into is very conservative; it likes to run regular, run smooth."¹⁶

The police have a file labelled "Savoy", perhaps?

"They probably have. Shout "LORD HORROR!" to a policeman, see if he knows!"

COMPREHENSION IS ONLY A KNOWLEDGE ADEQUATE TO OUR INTENTION.¹⁷

On 31 August 1991, *three days* after Magistrate Fairclough found LORD HORROR obscene, police raided Savoy again and seized

over 4,000 comics, including their Lord Horror mini-series HARD CORE HORROR. Issue 5, the final issue of HARD CORE HORROR, opens with publicity photos of Jessie Matthews, "England's favourite sweetheart", who married "Lord Haw-Haw". The full-page panels that follow depict the satanic machinations of death camps, putrid smoke rising. Black. The colour of stale blood caked to the page. John Coulthart's artwork had never been more harrowing. The issue closes with another set of photographs, only this time it isn't Jessie Matthews but anonymous 'victims'. One can only begin to imagine what ugliness must have befallen that woman to cause her innards to burst through her flesh, or create those terrible bone-deep fissures in that man. These were truly wretched figures on



A "severe reality" picture, HARD CORE HORROR #5

display.

Recently, in police interviews, Britton and Butterworth spent the majority of time enquiring questions on the meaning of the more esoteric references in John Coulthart's artwork, and fending off "very strong" objections to 'those' photographs at the close of **HARD-CORE HORROR #5**. In a scenario seemingly comparable only to that of high-budget Hollywood psycho-thrillers, the police, says Butterworth, "had had the comics examined by experts who 'deciphered' many of the really quite elementary references. They had also shown the comic to one of their forensic experts who examined the photographs."

The conclusion?

"That we may be fascists attempting to spread sinister Nazi propaganda in secret code language to children. Fantastic as this sounds, they told us that they intended to attempt prosecution under the Corruption of Children and Minors Act. Evidently they have not realised that the conception of comics as being solely a medium for children is simply no longer fact."

Forever unperturbed, Savoy are already close to completing the opening issues of the next Lord Horror saga: **R.E.V.E.R.B.S.T.O.R.M.** The 8-part series is set to commence in summer or autumn of this year.

REVERBOSTORM is an extension of the romance between Lord Horror and Jessie Matthews. The theme in **REVERBOSTORM** is not concentration camps, but bondage. **HARD CORE HORROR** was on a macro scale, man's inhumanity to man; this inhumanity is on a micro scale, on a relationship level, how people keep one another in bondage. Like the photos we had at the end of **HARD CORE HORROR** - which brought the whole thing into ghastly reality - **REVERBOSTORM** will gradually get more extreme throughout...until at the end, you'll have these severe reality pictures to press home the point."

Continuing on from Coulthart's death camp images in the final **HARD CORE HORROR**, **REVERBOSTORM** opens to the vertiginous structures of a bleak sky line, except this time it isn't the death camps of a Nazi Germany...

"This is New York; Auschwitz has mutated into New York. The whole city is like Auschwitz because it's our premise that the death camps were a role model for how the world is going now, I mean the whole world is like a death camp at the moment. As resources dry up and there becomes more and more people, with people competing against the environment, it's going to get like a death camp. Which is what happened in Auschwitz; they weren't all envisioned as death camps at first, they were labour camps. But as the war was lost and dwindling resources ran out, the Nazis kept the best of

the resources for themselves and the camps got shittier and shittier..."



James Joyce in REVERBOSTORM #1

"TEDDY BOY BOOGIE," says Butterworth of one of the penels in **REVERBOSTORM**, "is a 50s-type rock'n'roll number and one thing Lord horror is about is rock'n'roll. Hence the quiff. All rock 'n'rollers are sensitive about their quiffs; if you could cut someone with your quiff, that was the thing! If we do a film, by the way, and we want a film, that's one of the suggested numbers for the soundtrack."

"We're waiting for someone like Kathryn Bigelow to make the offer! In fact, we were approached by representatives of MIRAMAX about 9 months ago. I think they wanted us to do a treatment, but obviously we haven't got the time to do a treatment in case it doesn't work out. But the interest was there..."

Will **REVERBOSTORM** push the boundaries even further than the first series?

"It pushes other boundaries to as far. I don't think you can push the boundaries of the first series much further, unless you go out and actually kill someone...I mean, I would never be involved in that [laughs]!"

Savoy have at least one more issue of **MENG & ECKER** lined up. The next issue, #5 - initially set to appear in 1991 but, as with

everything that year, got lost among the pressing legalities - features Meng & Ecker's very own coffeehouse in a tale called **THE STRANGE AND SERIOUS CASE OF THE AIDS Cakes** ...and has, too, the auspicious crucifix-bearing presence of a certain ex-Chief Constable "Appleton". Indeed, the good man is again on the cover. "You WILL go to prison" he is saying.



Is the use of the "Appleton" character some sort of retaliation against the police?

"It's not retaliation really. He's walked straight into our hands. He's given us the ideal character, how could we not use him! It's him who's got the bee in his bonnet about raiding shops instead of...er... whatever police are supposed to do."

Did it not make matters worse, though?

"It did. But his men had raided us 60 times and put Dave in jail. Then with some of the ludicrous pronouncements he was making, with all this happening around us, we just had to put it down. You know, some of the pronouncements he made early in his career about internment young people in camps. We actually brought out **BLUE MONDAY** by "The Savoy-Hitler Youth Band" as a result of that statement. It (the sleeve) shows scenes from Dachau on the back and it's got what looks like James Anderton's head on the front in his uniform. It's actually a doctored still from a horror film (**THE STUFF**). That was actually an anti-authoritarian statement we were making."

BLUE MONDAY by "The Savoy-Hitler Youth Band"!

"It was this record that put this new wave of 'politically correct' people against



us. That is the record that did it. And it's one of the reasons we haven't been able to get any distribution, and it's one of the reasons we coined the term **SAVOY WARS**. We can't get out of the straight-jacket they've put us in. People think we're fascists or whatever. It was with "The Savoy-Hitler Youth Band" that the so-called 'alternative' people decided they would have nothing to do

with us on the retail or distribution end. We were getting raided, that made them nervous as well...so, too, a whole load of other groups who didn't mind what we were doing but didn't want to get involved in any police raids. And we got ostracized and alienated by everyone then."

Didn't an earlier release, Proby's LOVE WILL TEAR US APART, come out on SAVOY REICH Records?¹⁸

"That was recorded at Peter Hook's studios. That was a joke because New Order were playing around with that stuff anyway - though they were claiming that their New Order was the Russian one and not the Nazi one. Yeah, Savoy Reich was purely a playful thing with New Order...Joy Division was from the Nazi thing but they claimed New Order wasn't."

Along with the immanent appearance of REVERBSTORM and the somewhat belated #5 of MENG & ECKER (a large format M&E book, collecting the best strips, is also planned), Savoy have two CD albums coming up: P.J. Proby THE SAVOY SESSIONS, and a best-of Savoy music package SAVOY WARS. Also on CD will be the single, JESSIE MATTHEWS SINGS REVERBSTORM and an EP, SAVOY DIGITAL ANGST, a collection of covers of Irish Rebel songs and the Queen's National Anthem, all of course given a suitably 'reverent' Savoy treatment.

So much then for a cease-fire in the SAVOY WARS, nor does there seem much chance of a periphery to the CONFRONTATION WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT that hounds Savoy...not that it particularly bothers Michael Butterworth.

"This is where our current stuff is different from some so-called extremist death cult stuff in that it's not purely gratuitous; everything in it has a reason. Everything we do we do for a reason. Either me or Dave could argue every single thing in it."

But for how long do you want to have to argue 'what it all means'?

"We'll just wait and see what happens this year. There is quite a lot to get out, however: as well as the CDs and comics, we've got a booklength interview with Michael Moorcock, that's out in hardback very soon and has an introduction by Angela Carter...she's (predominantly) another author of the imaginative sort; not part of the realistic novel movement; not the 'University of East Anglia' types who've been holding sway for years now... After we get this product out, if we still can't make any breakthrough we'll probably call it a draw."

Is that no new Savoy product, the closure of the shops.?

"Since we've started Lord Horror we've paid scarcely any attention to the shops, anyway. Today, all the shops are just dumps really; they're nothing like as good as they were in their hey-day, when they were the

first and the best. I'd like you to mention that."

The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of David Slater in the above interview.

SAVOY can be contacted at: 279, Deansgate, Manchester, M3 4EW.



NOTES & ACCESSORIES:

For clarity, the company's imprint as it stands to date, 'Savoy', has been used throughout the above text. Only where deemed historically pertinent have the past imprints - Savoy Books Ltd, Savoy Editions Ltd - been introduced.

1. In a police raid on the Bookchain shop in October of 1980, police removed 1,833 obscene books and magazines; "The large majority of which", said Gordon Smith, prosecuting, "were hidden behind a secret wall..."

2. Heathcote Williams, THE SAVOY BOOK.

3. An 'interesting' aside: Sitting outside Sinclairs pub in Shambles Square, M/CR, in the warmer months of 1991, your humble narrator was exchanging music talk with a friend over beers. Running a natural course, the conversation got round to Frank Zappa's STUDIO Z recording studio. Immediately, a somewhat dishevelled guy with beard appeared

out of nowhere. "Studio Z? Frank Zappa?" he said while the two of us gave one another a "Oh yeah, a drunk" expression. Well it turned out the guy was drunk, but he also knew a lot about Zappa, Studio Z, Captain Beefheart... This guy, fresh back from the Hippy Trail in India, was Johnny Muir, Mr Babylon Books. He now lived in Todmorden, he said, where the locals referred to him as "Mad Jack" and Hell's Angels were "after him". More from "Jack" in the future...

4. THE SAVOY BOOK (1978) was the first in a proposed trilogy of anthologies, a collection of belles lettres, faction, fiction, art and rock'n'roll, intended to fill the gap after NEW WORLDS temporarily suspended publication. The second anthology was SAVOY DREAMS (1984), which Angus Wilson "a super dip". The third in the trilogy, SAVOY SWORDS & SORCERY has yet to appear.

5. The Moorcock connection goes back beyond Savoy. Butterworth had been a regular

LORD HORROR R.E.V.E.R:B.S.T.O.R.M



contributor to Moorcock's NEW WORLDS magazine; Moorcock to both Britton and Butterworth's respective publications. Later, Moorcock lent his name to Butterworth's novel, THE TIME OF THE HAWKLODS).



6. Michael Butterworth, SAVOY DREAMS.

7. TIDES OF LUST had also been unavailable in the U.S. since 1973, when the paperback edition went out of print.

8. Heathcote Williams, SAVOY DREAMS

9. Dennis Potter, notes on PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. Frontispiece to MENG & ECKER #5.

10. "As you suggested, if Jim does die in the near future. which seems likely, Savoy will certainly make every effort to bring his corpse to THE LAST RESORT office - though we cannot guarantee he will say much." Footnote of letter from David Britton to John Flemming, 29.9.87.

11. In actuality, the voice of Bobby Thompson, second lead singer with Mersey band of the 50s and 60s, KINGSIZE TAYLOR AND THE DOMINOES.

12. Opening lyric, M97002: HARDCORE.

13. LORD HORROR, the comic, has run to seven issues so far. The HARD CORE HORROR mini-series commenced with #3 of LORD HORROR. #1 and #2 were first shots at getting the main figure visually OK. Hence the reason the final instalment in the HARD CORE series is numbered #5, while the top right hand corner carries a "#7".

14. David Britton: THAT'S FOUR LINES FROM THE NOVEL THAT YOU HAVE JUST ENCAPSULATED THERE, THERE'S NOT LONG DESCRIPTIONS OF THAT. AS YOU HAVE READ IT OUT THAT'S EXACTLY AS IT IS IN THE BOOK.

Malcolm Wood: On page 57, 58 and 59 there is a scenario that describes Jews coming out of a synagogue and the young Jew being slashed open and disembowelled and a Rabbi intervening, various other atrocities involving the killing of Jews in various sadistic manners. Is it true that on these pages that scenario is described in the book? DB: WITH THE QUALIFICATION THAT AGAIN YOU'RE READING THE BOOK OUT OF CONTEXT, TAKING ISOLATED BITS OUT.

MW: On pages 93 and 94 again a scenario describes where Jews are being attacked with a razor, the Jew's tongue is pinned by the razor to his chin. His body slashed open displaying his organs and even the central

character delving into the body gripping organs in his teeth either to eat or to do whatever you would describe his actions. Is that again another scenario within the book? DB: AGAIN YOU HAVE TAKEN IT OUT OF ITS TEXT, OUT OF WHAT SURROUNDS, BUT THAT SCENE IS IN THE BOOK.

MW: I put it to you again that that scene and the others I have described would tend to show a racial discrimination attitude couched in that book.

DB: NO CERTAINLY NOT, CERTAINLY NOT.

MW: In certain quarters the reading of the book, would you not think that it was racially inflammatory.

DB: NO I WOULD NOT.

(Transcript - in part, out of context - of interview conducted by Detective Inspector Wood, the Obscene Publications Dept, Manchester Police, 17.10.89).

15. Henry Miller.

16. Savoy threw a spanner in the works when MENG & ECKER began to carry "ARTS COUNCIL FUNDED" on the cover. Subsequently, the London Arts Council entered into correspondence with Savoy over a period of several weeks, initially querying what their acknowledgement related to; "Colleagues," they said, "here and at North West Arts have been unable to trace any record of having offered any such assistance." With this, Savoy replied thanking the Arts Council for their "offer of financial assistance." A hurried missive from the Council enforced that their previous letter "did not, as you must realise, offer financial assistance." It was "Christina at North West Arts" wrote Savoy, who had supplied funding "for our involvement in 1987 in a visual prospectus aimed at the teaching profession." The London Arts Council came back, "assured by North West Arts that they have no Christina working for them and have never supplied funding for your involvement in a visual prospectus..." Etc.

Previous, Charles Osborne, ex-Arts Council, was quoted in the DAILY TELEGRAPH as saying "Savoy's MENG & ECKER comics do more for racial harmony than all the Arts Council funded community centres from Brixton to Moss Side."

17. Immanuel Kant.

18. With each record release, Savoy adopt a new 'Label'. As well as Savoy Reich, other label aphorisms have included SAVOY AMORAL, SAVOY NIGGERTRON, SAVOY ENTROPY...

Similarly, back-up bands - such as "The Savoy-Hitler Youth Band - on these releases include THE SAVOY KING COCAINE BAND, THE SAVOY HOLMAN HUNT AFRICAN ORCHESTRA WITH P.J. PROBY, THE SAVOY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT SALAMBO ORCHESTRA... being groups of people Savoy get to know and work with in the studio.

THE COMICS TRIP

Steve Green

I can't recall the exact date or place I scored my first hit, but I guess it was some shadowy recess of one of the many corner newsagents I frequented back in the mid-60s. Beyond the sweets counter and the racks of sickly-sentimental greetings cards, there always stood a single revolving comic stand, stuffed with the latest imported adventures of CAPTAIN GRETIN, THE PURPLE HELMET and similarly implausible costumed vigilantes.



But for the connoisseur, there was an attraction in these pulp dramas other than the crude artwork and the cruder dialogue: the odour. An olfactory cocktail of acid-enriched paper and cheap ink, the buzz could be further enhanced by finding an as-yet-virgin copy and slowly peeling back the cover, savouring the sound of the exterior gloss ripping itself free of the matt within.

At first, I believed myself the sole victim of this bizarre addiction, but a tongue-in-cheek reference to it in one of the comic 'zines I was involved with in the early '70s swiftly proved me wrong. Other fans came out of the sniffing closet, my best mate Phil Greenaway among them, although many more could be spotted at conventions and comic marts grabbing a swift snort when the dealers were looking the other way.

Finally, Phil and I decided to expose this secretive sub-culture in all its horror. Some years earlier, the porn mag KNAVE had carried a sensationalist portrait of masturbation-crazed comic fans (written by gore merchant Guy N. Smith, no less), but we felt such a publication would be unlikely to treat the topic with the gravity it demanded.

We eventually chose one of the leading UK comics fanzines, but - to our surprise and concern - our proposed investigation was rejected without explanation. Not that any was needed: it was now obvious that the addiction had spread far more widely than we had dared suspect.

In a desperate attempt to break free,

Phil and I became heavily involved with science fiction fandom, weaning ourselves off comic sniffing with occasional nosedives into musty paperbacks and mimeographed fanzines. By the mid-80s, we'd virtually kicked the habit, although I still demanded *droit de seigneur* when it came to tearing the silver foil off new coffee jars.

The comics industry, meanwhile, must have realised the appalling curse unleashed upon its customers. The paper stocks used were upgraded in favour of odourless substitutes: prices were escalated in order to force addicts to cut down their habit: many titles were now only available "bagged", so preventing hardline junkies from running amok in comic stores and overdosing.

Even now, I jolt awake at night in the sweat drenched realisation of how close fans like Phil and I came to ruining our lives with what society unwittingly dismisses as a childish interest. God, if only they knew the truth. Then I get up and make myself a cup of coffee.

Opening a new jar, of course.

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IT'S A MAD MAD MAD MAD WORLD

CHRIS JOHNSTONE works at a record shop in Bolton. Last issue Chris brought to our attention I'll Have That Dave, an anal-violating, meat-whacking pissed-up thrasher. Here are some more typical X-Records shoppers...

CLEVER TREVOR: This guy is a real raver. Every single day he comes into the shop to look at "Kylie" cassettes. With new stock arriving everyday the cassettes get moved around a little, but if Kylie isn't in the exact same spot as she was the day before "Trevor" starts complaining...even though they have only moved about eight places down the rack. Once, when Andy - a workmate - asked if there were any other songs or groups he liked, Trevor went on to perform GREASED LIGHTNING in the shop. He did a rap, too, and pogo-ed to the Ramones.

SNIFFER: Sniffer I haven't seen for a long time. Last summer I used to see him every other day. He was short and scruffy-looking with greasy dirty hair, wore a tatty coat with baggy sleeves and always walked into things. Then he'd walk a few yards, stop, lift up his coat sleeve and "wipe his nose". One day I saw that he had a can of lighter fluid up there.

JIGGA JOGGA: He is a big black man. He just jogs everywhere he goes. You never see him walking, always jogging and waving his arms about, shouting at people passing by. I've heard people say that Jigga Jogga has to jog to stay alive.

MR WOBBLY LEG: Mr Wobbly Leg is a drunken gent with a dodgy leg. The lower part of his leg is like tied to his knee-cap with a piece of string and it kinda swings free. I've seen him do this on a few occasions: wander up to a tree in the town centre, shake it, then tell the birds to "FUCK OFF!" After a few minutes he wobbles off, stopping every ten yards or so to give abuse to invisible people.

As the pages of HEADPRESS testify, the world is increasingly populated by a wide variety of strange and wonderful characters, and small-town Scotland is little different. In my town, our favourites are the Scott family. This isn't their real name but was given them by a bunch of friends I made when I was about 14. Anyway, they were real beauties.

Apparently, much fun was to be had by going up to them and shouting "Raaar Mr. Scott" into their faces. On a good day you'd get chased down the street. There was Mr. Scott, his wife and their offspring, one male, the other not, and the guys didn't live with the women. Mr Scott and "Tweedie", his son, so called because of his preference for sports jackets during the summer, (believe it or not he actually did switch to a blue snorkel parka for the winter) liked routine.

You could set your watch by their visit to the library, the supermarket (on a soup buying expedition) and the public toilets. They once got caught tossing each other off in the toilet of a cafe-cum-bakers shop, now an electricity show room. Tweedie was as low-down as you could get - long, stringy, lank hair, beard, and worst of all, a bloody, dripping, pus-filled staring eye. Made you sick. The women were just the same. Mrs Scott was a bent, twisted old crone whose only words were "Raaar, ya wee bastit", thus our abuse. Her daughter always had a dirty face, a smile and a dog.

Mrs Scott died a few years ago, as did Tweedie (of something real dumb like the 'flu), and the transformation of Mr. Scott since has been amazing. As dapper an old man you could not wish to see. I saw him the other day and, for the life of me did it not look as if he was going courting, a bunch of flowers gripped tightly in his fist.

They had a few cool friends too. "Frankie" used to run the now-defunct cinema, which transformed itself into the town's only "Tits-oot" night-spot. If you were female and 14, there were always part-time jobs to be found. He also worked in the co-op funeral parlour for a while but got sacked for allegedly getting intimate with a corpse. None of my friends believe this, but I like to. Finally, there was the "Traffic Warden". He retired at 65 to sire a son by a retarded 15 year-old. The kid has, rather bizarrely, a curly skinhead.

DOUGLAS BAPTIE, Scotland.

Reading last issue's Mad Mad World and Puppies Sweeties... brought my childhood memories flooding back.

I remember the games we and my Uncle Colin used to play when he baby-sat while my parents were out drinking and swinging. Much of the details are quite blurry because I had always been asleep when Unc came up to the bedroom to play what he called JUNGLE ADVENTURE. I was the child lost in the jungle and Unc would make all kinds of animal noises from various parts of the dark bedroom. I knew the game would be almost over when he would shout "LOOK OUT! The giant Anaconda is coming!". I never knew what an Anaconda was until years later when I saw a photograph of one in a book about Africa. Huh! What a fibber my Uncle was! His Anaconda wasn't a giant after all.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Surrey.

Thanks to those who have written in. Space restrictions prevent us from using all submitted Crazy observations in this issue, but more next time and keep them coming!

FORCED ENTRY

Stephen Thrower

The star of **FORCED ENTRY** is a dick. That is to say, Joe - the rapist of **FORCED ENTRY** - whilst convincingly nasty and boasting an impressive line in humiliating rape-speak, is upstaged by his own cock. Seen at length during the film's first prolonged rape, it commands the attention with a stubby, twisted insistence. The camera and director are in love with it, switching to a wider lens to depict its mouth-watering assault and battery of a sobbing woman's face in vast, distorted close-ups. The camera's lurid complicity turns the oral rape into a sweaty, lens-smoozed menage-a-trois, engaging the viewer in contemplation (aghast or otherwise) of a gnarled, thick veined mutation. It isn't that Joe's engorged member is huge, either length or broadways. Porn stars such as Rick Donovan (gay porn 'actor' famed for a scene where a panting anal trauma case gasps the line "CUCUMBER, RAM IT!") would sneer. So too would many Black porn 'stars' too numerous to mention. It's just that few cinematic stalks are so thickly knotted with bloated veins. The camera is mesmerized during the first rape and we barely see the victim, once the cock-sucking has begun (except for the tear stained face and its orifice). Even when the owner of the beast sneers, "Those tits...I like those tits on you", Richler neglects to furnish a cut-away jugs-shot, so consumed is he by his extreme low-angle dick worshipping. Climaxing by shooting spunk both over the victim's lips and the lens of the camera, Richler's star turns in a performance obviously intended to leave a funny taste in the mouth.

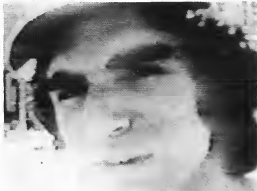
I know, I know. **FORCED ENTRY** is a film of despicable bad taste, a sick and misogynistic leer of a movie which pathetically attempts to incorporate glib, insincere references to the psychology of the Vietnam war veteran. Intercut with hardcore sex and endless wandering around is a shit-load of Vietnam stock-footage, and the rapist rants garbage like, "You're no better than the geeks in 'Nam' at his victims. But despite all this nonsense, it really isn't necessary to look to the 'Vietnam experience' to locate the roots of the "desperate need for an enemy" cited in the opening credit text. Feminists would argue that men *insist* on making an enemy of women as a matter of course.

Before the rape scenario gets underway, we see the first victim having mutually consenting sex with a (horrible) man of her acquaintance. "Lie down! I said I want to make love to you!", he insists, whilst outside on the fire-escape the assailant-to-be watches through the blinds. He's shown feverishly handling/fondling his gun and

knife, even licking the tip of the knife blade. (Latter detail is particularly interesting, juxtaposed as it is with the antics of an 'uppity' woman).

Then there's the rapist's T-shirt which throughout bears the twin prints of his own oily (gas station attendant) hands at each breast, clearly defined. All of which suggests that perhaps the film's hostility to women is more than just Vietnam fall-out.

The makers of **FORCED ENTRY** know how nasty and offensive they're being, but don't really give a damn. The vicious taunts and 'dirty talk' of the rapist alone would send censorship lobbyists into apoplectic spasms of rage. Joe demands, "Tell me it hurts, lady", while inserting his dick into a woman's anus. "It hurts!", she moans. "Yeah, it hurts real good, don't it?", he gloats, "Is it startin' to bleed a little down there?"



The arrival of two hippy 'chicks' at Joe's garage ushers in the final act and some of the film's weirdest shit takes place. Both girls are so fucking 'far-out' that they can't open their mouths without phrases like "Hey wow, dig it!" slopping forth. In fact, these two (who have a lesbian trip going, wouldn't you know - cue lots of bearded clam shots) are like a sleazy piss-take of the girls in **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**. At least these two are running away to become strippers and love taking coke rather than "co-lum-bian" grass - more suited then to Baltimore than Elm Street. As Joe fills their tank for them (Finbarr Saunders, go to the back of the class!), the soundtrack goes into audio-loop overdrive. Joe's voice curses the phrase "scummy hippies/scummy hippies" over and over, like a record in a locked groove. How odd that he sounds uncannily like the Rev. Ian Paisley. (I love the technique of dialogue looping! Kent Bateman's mind-bogglingly awful **HEADLESS EYES** for instance kicks off with the hysterical "My eye! My eye! Oh...My eye!" loop, which reprises at various times throughout - now there's a movie...).

Following the hippy girls back to their, ahem, *PAD*, the makers of *FORCED ENTRY* perform a surprising shift of approach which could almost function as an argument for the film's sense of responsibility. Almost. Lurching into the room, Joe brandishes a gun at the two girls who lie on the bed, stoned out of their gourds. His attempt to set his customary relationship in motion again provokes the funniest lines in the film. Threatening one girl, he says to her friend, "I'm gonna cut her throat open y'understand?" but she just giggles, "Whooh, aren't you the guy from the gas station?" Both girls collapse in a fit of hysterics, with each new threat of sexual violence merely setting them off giggling even more. Faced with these two, his vicious ad-libs wilt, and screaming "Stay away from me!" as they wobble their paps at him, he blows his brains out.

FORCED ENTRY is a difficult film to defend. The only approach one can take (which the wretched Andrew Featherstone ought to have considered before trying to defend *THE NEW YORK RIPPER* on TV) is to deny the right of anyone to require you to defend it!

Full of hate and squalid panderings to fans of degradation (thanks, guys...), this is one film unlikely to undergo critical re-evaluation...EVER! Nonetheless, the idea that a movie should be banned on the grounds of 'incitement to violence' seems absurd to me. Or worse, a cynically authoritarian ploy to devalue the concept of free will and subsequent responsibility for one's own actions. Surely it's only at the moment when the individual actively abuses another human being that the law should consider it has any business *AT ALL* to intervene? *FORCED ENTRY*, no doubt unintentionally, provokes us to consider this question. It reminded me of the complete cunt Ted Bundy was, when he stated in a final interview that he blamed "exposure to pornography" for his crime. WHAT SHIT!

Cronenberg's *VIDEODROME* and, it seems, his *NAKED LUNCH*, explore the complex region of the artist's responsibility for grotesque and sexually violent imagery. But his speculations go hand-in-hand with a commitment to an unequivocal anti-censorship stance. The point being that whilst sophisticated film-makers may wish to consider the effects of an image's power, no-one should have the right to enforce their own conclusion by censorship. Anyway, less of the ranting to the converted. Suffice to say, I found *FORCED ENTRY* part amusing, part stimulating, and part nauseating (close-ups of vaginal penetration accompanied by squelching noises on the soundtrack were a big problem). It's certainly quite horrible, but in a world that offers us *THREE MEN AND A LITTLE LADY*, it seems churlish to complain about it.

BUTTGEREIT. MURDER. TRIAL

David Kerekes



A series instigated with the release of *SEX, GEWALT UND GUTE LAUNE* (covered last issue), *SEX.MURDER.ART* is the second video showcase of short films to emerge from the Jelinski & Buttgerreit stable in almost as many months. Again, the work of 'unknown' independent filmmakers, this selection includes *DAS LEBEN DES SID VICIOUS*, a 'remake' of *THE GREAT ROCK AND ROLL SWINDLE* sequence where Vicious parades the streets in a swastika t-shirt, played here by a toddler on all-fours; *MEAT MATES*, cheap somersaulting toys covered in chicken flesh; *VEL*, actual medical footage of folk undergoing 'vanity' surgery; a couple of early Buttgerreit shorts, and *EDITH SCHRODER - EINE DEUTSCHE HAUSFRAU*, a study of a typical German housewife. On the whole, *SEX.MURDER.ART* doesn't carry the same clout as its predecessor, a fact largely due to *EDITH SCHRODER*... being overly dull.

Meanwhile...the *NEKKROMANTIK 2* trial has finally begun in Germany. Latest news is that the Buttgerreit/Jelinski defence are awaiting reports from university professors on how the movie is "art". Furthermore, 5 years after it was first released, the original *NEKKROMANTIK* is now under fire. If the authorities manage to "indizieren" *NEKKROMANTIK*, then it becomes illegal to advertise or sell it by mail. There is also a possibility that the movie will become totally "verboten", 'forbidden' in Germany. On a more optimistic note, a trial against a videostore who was handling *NEKKROMANTIK* was recently cancelled!

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS**Robert Price**

"As you will note we are just a little hard on the ladies." GORY COMIX, a xerox A5 affair, specializes in cozy scenarios whereby nubile co-eds and strapping younger sisters get 'sorted.' The cutting-up and dis-embowelling of the 'female form' may seem like a mighty irregular subject to want to devote a comic, but editor J.G.P. ("Just the Good Parts") defends his publication: "I try to keep it a bit tongue-in-cheek to lighten the grue and use only comic drawings to de-emphasize any reality associations. All of this is not to deny that we appear misogynistic, we do but we are not. I'm married, love my wife and still get a lurid lustful kick outta comics and movies featuring Damsels-in-Distress."



GORY COMIX, now in its second year, features 'unknown' artists whose enthusiasm for depicting buxom bimbos meeting a bloody end almost always defeats any 'story'. Says J.G.P.: "My readers have told me they find my comic very sexy. Now, if you're not sensitive to this genre it will seem very strange that this gross violence can be sexy. One distributor, in an effort to make GORY COMIX politically correct, suggested that I include penis whackings! This is idiotic because violence against men originates from an entirely different spectrum of human interactions (property dispute) than violence to women (sex). GORY has to remain sexist to be sexy. Naturally this is aimed at

heterosexual males. Anyway, whacking off weenies would be pornographic and I try to create violent sexual iconography without resorting to directly displaying or assaulting a woman's sexual organ."

The movie review page of GORY COMIX dismisses most new releases with a 'g' ('not up to much') and includes a dames and gore quota. TOXIC AVENGER III is privileged with a whole paragraph: "For fans of baby doll minis, high heels, little white socks and stockings. 1 victim shot in chest with shotgun, bloody clear", while BLOOD SISTERS gets a mere: "Co-ed T&A, one close-up slow hanging."

"Call me perverse," says J.G.P., "politically incorrect, or a sedist but I'm not alone." No, others include James Ahearn.

James Ahearn's HORROR-FEMMES offer a vast and varied assortment of comic-book works, illustrated short stories and VHS videos. The damsels-in-distress victims of HORROR-FEMMES, stipulates Ahearn, are "Vamps, Villeinesses, and Horror Honeys of all kinds who love to cause trouble and who invariably bita the dust in inventive, ironic, and of course graphic ways."

The "fantasy fun" of Ahearn leans heavily toward the "neck-tie party": vicked Spy Girls, evil Nazi bitches, Southern Belles, and even Air Hostesses all get it on the gallows. Typical of the HORROR-FEMMES out-put is: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, the third in the illustrated tales of Vanessa, a sultry saloon girl who gets herself hanged, then roasted in Hell; an (8-page) photo essay, THE GHOST MANOR MYSTERY, recounts a blow-by-blow description of a young woman's tribulations



on the noose; in the video THE SUBURBAN SWINGER AND HER SLENDER FRIENDS, lissom blondes and thunder-thigh cutie-pies are, again, seen languishing on the scaffold. Incidentally, the latter would indicate that such hanging-attraction enjoyed a 'popularity' before the advent of video, as many of the VHS titles carried by HORROR-FEMMES comprise of 'slide-show transfers'. Correct me if I'm wrong.

PORNOGRAPHY CHURCH AND THE JESUS PHALLUSY

David Slater

To look at the myth of the Christ and his virgin mother in a different light than that professed by the church, it needs to be viewed in an unbiased state, void of any religious propaganda and using only the most relevant points that affect our daily lifestyles. These are the actual dates of important religious events. In particular, the birth and death/resurrection of Christ.

As we are informed and cannot fail to forget, Christ was born on 25th December (this date is sometimes argued but it is the most widely accepted), 1 BC. This, then, gives a point which to work back to in order to determine Christ's conception, immaculate or otherwise.

Taking the average human gestation period as 266 days this will give a conception date of April 3rd using conventional calendars. What is most interesting about this date is that it falls in place with Easter, which is supposed to be the time of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. An odd coincidence indeed that it should also be his conception date. Furthermore this is also the season of Spring, March/April/May, which is the natural time for various species of animals to conceive as they are 'on heat' during these months. The months themselves are named in a manner relevant to this vernal time of conception. 'March' is a variation of 'Mars' the god of war, thus power and masculinity. Related words are macho, Mark (the name means hammer), masle, male and masculine. April, the central month, is female. It derives its name from 'Aprilis' and 'aperire' meaning 'the opening of the earth to yield new fruit'. This suggestion of 'opening to be fertilized' is obviously a sexual connotation as much as an agricultural one. May is the virgin month but more on that later.

To show that Easter is a celebration of copulation and conception rather than some kind of supernatural resurrection, we need look no further than the name of the festival itself. 'Easter' originates from *Eastre/Eostre/Ostara/Oestrar*, all being various spellings of the Goddess of Spring (ie fertility and rebirth). East is the direction of the rising sun (again symbolic of fertility and rebirth). Further association with Easter and sex can be seen in oestrogen, the female sex hormone and oestrus, the sexual heat of mammals.

So it seems quite clear that Easter is in reality a sex-festival adopted and asexualised by Christianity to suit their own mythical characters and the true meaning has been hidden in a kind of cryptic puzzle.

The deeper one looks it becomes apparent that the figures of Mary and Christ are mere representations of the male and female

sexual organs. The image of Christ on the cross is relatively easy to perceive as a phallic symbol and the archetypal image of the virgin Mary does, with very little imagination, represent a symbolic yoni pre- and post-fertility (images with and without the child). It is also interesting to note that during Easter Catholicism orders the covering of all statues in church over this period as though worried that their true significance will be discovered.

THE CHRIST AND THE CROSS



The vertical column of the cross is a shaft piercing the earth. The cross is often referred to as 'the instrument of the Passion', 'passion' here being Christ's suffering during the crucifixion but 'passion' is more commonly used to describe sexual love.

Christ or 'crist' actually means the 'anointed one', another related word is 'chrisma' or 'crisme' meaning holy oil or unction. A further derivative is 'crest' and 'crista', being the comb of a cockerel, or other creature, identifying its maleness. This is where the word 'cock', as a synonym for penis, originates from.

Another creature regularly associated to Christ is the fish. The fish is, in ancient



culture, symbolic with procreation, the phallus and fertility. The words 'fish' and 'fisher' derive from fisk, fisc, and fiska. Could this be an old root of the words 'fuck' and 'fucker'? As the 'k' and 'a' of 'fiska' developed into 'h' and 'er' then, likewise, there is no reason why the 'i' and 's' of 'fisk' couldn't have evolved into 'u' and 'c'. This, of course, would give a whole new meaning to the legend of the Fisher King.

The oldest version of the myth has the Fisher King crippled and old residing in a run-down castle in a barren land. An observer witnesses the arrival of a young, healthy knight carrying a lance that has its tip and shaft smeared with blood. Behind the knight follows a woman bearing the Holy Grail (supposedly the cup containing the blood of Christ). Percival, the observer, watches the procession walk through the hall in silence and exit. The following day the castle is empty and he leaves and is eventually informed that he should have asked "Whom does the Grail serve?" and this would have made the Fisher King healthy again.

It is quite conceivable that this tale could be an attempt to denounce Christianity and point to the real religion it assimilated. The Fisher King is old and crippled therefore sterile, therefore asexual. This sterility reflects in his land. The two leaders of the procession are healthy and young, (he showing off his lance, she exposing her Grail) and fertile. The blood on

his 'lance' and in her 'Grail' show she has been deflowered. The fact that Percival didn't question its relevance meant that nothing was changed. The Fisher King (or Christ) stayed infertile and asexual. And what use is a sterile 'stud'?

Yet another fish/Christ association comes from the Greek word for fish, *ichthus*. The link is hidden in the rebus - Iesous CHristos Theou HUIos Soter - Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.

In many medieval paintings holy figures are often portrayed surrounded by an oval contour called the *vesica piscis*. *Vesica* means a fleshy receptacle like a bladder or pouch and, of course, *piscis* is Latin for fish.

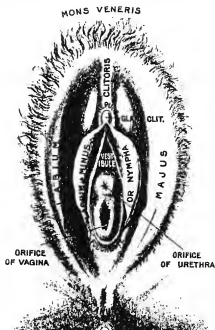


THE VIRGIN MARY

The praying hands of the virgin represent the sealed vagina, her hooded head the clitoris and her flowing robes the labia.



At other times her figure is shown with hands parted ie receptive and then with child ie fertile. The three stages are quite obvious from virginity to sexual union to fertility.



The term 'veneration of the virgin Mary' is often used. Venerate (worship, idolize, adore), venereal (of sexual desire, intercourse) and vernal (appropriate to spring) are all words of identical origins.

Another link is the word 'veronica'. It is actually a contemporary term used to describe the movement of a Matador's cape from the path of a charging bull. The bull is another animal that symbolises male strength and fertility, the passing through the cape is indicative of defloration. The redness of the cape is not to enrage the bull but the redness or heat of the oestrus cycle. According to biblical rhetoric St Veronica wiped the sweat from Christ's face as he went to Calvary and his facial image was imprinted in the cloth she used. Again we have a male, a female, fluid (sweat), penetration (soaking through the cloth) and reproduction (the magical image).

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH

The dogmatic Trinity is proclaimed to be the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. This is patriarchal nonsense. A simple means of disguising the real Trinity which should be correctly termed, Mother, Father and Holy Spirit. The interesting word here is 'spirit' which is generically linked to 'spirt/spurt' and 'sprout' in the sense of shooting out

germs/seeds. So, as the Christ is the phallic representation; the Mary, said to be the receptacle of the Holy Spirit, the vagina; then the Holy Spirit is the fertile semen that comes between the two to create new life.

The Seal of Catholic Confederacy uses the Trinity symbolism to good effect. In the centre of the seal is a cross. Beneath it lies a bleeding or flaming heart about to be penetrated in its cleft by the base or tip of the shaft. The horizontal bar is charged with holy spirit here represented by a dove. The crown and the harp signify life and death.



Even the design of churches themselves incorporates this symbolism. The spire is obviously the visible masculine representation, and derivative words are 'spile' a wooden shaft used to indent soil prior to placing seed and 'sire' as in the male and to impregnate. Bear in mind also that most spires are topped with a weather vane in the shape of a cock.

The less obvious part of the church is the apse which is the arched recess always constructed to the east of the building. Related words are 'apsis', 'apsides', 'absis' all similarly meaning something oval or arched whether it be the point a planet comes closest in its orbit of the sun, the outer rim of a wheel surrounding the shaft or a bow. The bow and arrow has often been used as a cryptic representation of copulation. Most evident with Cupid and Robin Hood.

The Robin Hood legend is an updated version of the Christ myth with its own disciples; merry men, and Mary figure; Maid Marian (Maid actually means virgin, for Marian read Mary). Also, in the original version of The Ballad of Robin Hood it is said that April is the merriest month of all,

but this was later altered to May, probably being an early form of censorship, as merry-making was used to describe nights of sexual passion. Merry is linked to marry, the joining of man and woman. The Cornish interpretation of 'robin' is 'phallus' and the robin was said to have received its red breast from a drop of Christ's blood at the crucifixion so the connections are quite evident.

To put the whole thing in some kind of relevant perspective, it is best to speculate as to the event that had taken place and what Christianity eradicated for its own world-dominating means.

A lengthy ritual would have occurred commencing on the first Wednesday (Wednesday, by the way, derives its name from Wodin's day, a Scandinavian god) of March with the men proving their *machismo* or virility and abstaining from any form of sexual activity for 30 days. These 30 days would coincide exactly with moon phases during that season. The Christian mythos has altered this event to 40 weekdays of fasting and penitence spanning the time from Ash Wednesday to Easter eve. This is, of course, the time of Lent.

The original event would have been something like a contemporary 'Mr Universe' competition, the challengers being indicated by having their bodies daubed with ash hence the origin of Ash Wednesday.

A recipient virgin, probably one that was reaching the end of her menstrual cycle, and therefore *blessed*, would be chosen seven days before the day of passion. This would be March 25th. Coincidentally this date is the day of annunciation when the bible suggests that the Angel Gabriel informed the Virgin Mary she had been chosen to carry a holy child. March 25th is known as *Lady's Day*.

April 1st was the day that the most virile man would be selected. His body would be cleansed of the ash and lubricated with oils, thus he becomes the *anointed* one. The biblical "Passion" occurred on Friday. In the year 1BC April 1st was a Friday. The name originates from the day of *Frigg*, who was the wife of Wodin. Frig is still used in the English language to denote copulation.

The event of choosing (Christ was also known as 'the chosen one') is remembered as April-fool's day when it used to be customary to pin a paper fish to a person's back. Friday is also the day of eating fish.

The following day, Saturday, was a day of recuperation. It makes sense also to judge Saturday as the day of rest rather than Sunday. Saturn is the seventh planet (from which the day derives its name) and saturnine means slow, sluggish. Of course, if this were the case, it would make Friday the sixth day and thus the day of 'creation'. Which is exactly what it was, the creation of a new

life by implanting the seed.

Spermatozoa take approximately 24 hours to travel up the uterus and fertilize an egg so gestation would commence from Sunday which was April 3rd.

Sunday, then, (sun signifying birth, the beginning and, coincidentally, the day on which Christmas would fall with April 1st being a Friday) became the day of worship and honour. The deflowered virgin would show her unsealed vagina as evidence that the act had taken place. Christianity has twisted this ritual into the discovery of the "unsealed tomb" (tomb means womb of the earth) on Easter Sunday after the Christ had been removed. Furthermore the old ritual of exposure is still indicated on churches through bizarre stone carvings, called Sheela-Na-Gigs, of women exposing their vastly exaggerated and dilated vaginas.



Of course it wouldn't be known whether fertilisation had actually occurred until 28 days after the recipients last menstrual cycle. This would be indicated towards the end of April. If conception was successful then her fertility would be celebrated at the start of the following month. She would become the May Queen and the rest of the community could go ahead and conceive at will.

May is called the month of growth (thus the growth of the community). May Day is the day set aside for the worship of the phallus which is the meaning behind the still practiced May-pole dance. The 1st of May fell on a Sunday and this special day was called White Sunday or Whitsun (again another sanctification by Christianity by shifting the date to the seventh Sunday after Easter). The festival would involve the erection of the May-pole by the men and its decoration by the maids or virgins. What would then follow

is best told in the words of pious puritan Phillipe Stubbs from ANATOMIE OF ADUSES (1583);

Against May, Whitsonday, or other time, all the yung men and maides, old men and wives, run gadding over night to the woods, groves, hills and mountains where they spend all night in plesant pastimes... And no mervaille, for there is a great Lord present among them... namely Sathan, prince of hel. But the chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration... I have heard it credibly reported by men of great gravitie and reputation, that of fortie, threescore, or a hundred maides going into the wood over night, there have scaresly the third part of them returned home again undefiled.

The fact that Stubbs associates the fertility rite with Satan is typical of the blindness and twisted asexuality of the puritans who are worshipping the very same idols themselves, merely in a different form and with a different name. And to refuse to accept the Christ and the Virgin for what they really are makes the religion somewhat pointless. A celebration of sex would not only be healthy, beneficial and productive to communities but damn good fun for the individuals too! Now this isn't meant to be totally anti-Christian, the religion itself does have meritable points and many Christians are genuinely decent people. It's just that the thread of hypocrisy that weaves through it (and all other domineering religions too) does it no justice. It is actually more political than truly religious, it is used as a means of control rather than a means of giving. In the past the practitioners of the old sex religion were called Satanists, Pagans, Heathens and tortured and killed in a variety of repellant ways. Today they are called pornographers, perverts, deviants and punished in a variety of unjust ways. So it goes.

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POSSIBLY SPUR US TOWARDS NEW
WAYS OF THINKING IN JUST
ENOUGH TIME TO HALT THE ADVENT
OF THE FORTHCOMING AGE OF
HAPPY IGNORANCE.

Howard Lake

Walking through Piccadilly Circus recently. The IRA was waging one of its tiresomely futile bombing campaigns against London and the thought suddenly occurred to me, 'What if a bomb exploded now?' I mean, what a trip that'd be! Say, if it'd been concealed in one of the litterbins outside Tower Records - imagine the carnage and chaos! Imagine the stories I could tell my friends! In the end, I was practically willing it to happen - terrorism as entertainment...it has to be something to do with the psychosis.

Hold on...innocent folk could be KILLED, their bodies blown to PIECES, chunks of FLESH scattered 'cross the entrance to Burger King...so what? I mean, SO WHAT?? After all, this is London, the heart of London - very little chance any actual Londoners would get mixed anyway. It's the psychosis, I tell you, this goddamn psychosis and it's getting worse...

Like any national disease, the major centres get it first; London, Manchester, Birmingham, but soon it spreads like the pretty little virus it is and contaminates the hinterlands. Being based in the capital, you see it up close and, boy! is it darned attractive. It's supremely mindless, too; an aimless, directionless ailment afflicting everyone of us from housewife to hooker to scuzzball lowlife and then zooming on up to the top. Blood, we want blood - if not our own, then that of another. The truth is, we're sick of never heaving our promises fulfilled, sick of vague threats against establishment and self - we demand action! Fuck it, is that too much to ask?

Y'see, life now doesn't come up to much in the final analysis end, short of topping yourself, there remains only one alternative - zombification, through drugs or through simply accepting that the whole damn thing was a con from start to finish and you might as well eat shit and like it. Trouble is, the option doesn't exactly appeal to anyone and, fools that we are, we're actually looking for some kind of justification for the mess we're in. Constantly informed through press babble that we're teetering on the brink, we now want proof positive. Hey! there's no SEX anymore, is there? But the urge is still there...just the time to clamp down on the sex business, yeah? Okay, channel the need

into different areas...drugs, yeh - but them are ILLLEGAL, a threat to the ordered society. Drop out and don't go to work on Monday morning - an act of revolution? Hell, no, just a correct response to institutionalised madness surrounding us at every turn. Teetering on the brink, we want new entertainment - Sky One for the Dahmer trial, reel meet at kiddies prime time. Hmm, so that's how you eat HUMAN FLESH! Beats the shit out of Ninja Turtles, right? Gunshots in the night while you're indoors reading up on some new form of disease we're soon to receive - wow, this baby's resistant to EVERY DRUG we know! But wasn't science supposed to be infallible?? Nervous cough from Chief Science Officer: "Hell, we're not God, you know!" So why did you say you were? Come to think of it, why do you exist at all if you can't cure CANCER (which everyone has now got in one form or another). Fuck this for a laugh, where's my gun?



GUNS. Give everyone a gun and let's see how deep rooted this psychosis really is, right? Bring a new spice to the seething scum that is the Underground in rush hour, that decrepit sewer long superseded by the mass of inhumanity choked down its tight throat. Outwardly, nothing seems amiss; things still retain a SEMBLANCE of order, but that's just a thin veneer like shrink-wrapping which blisters and bleeds once in a while and spills the guts outwards on to the streets where the mentally-ill, once incarcerated, are now let loose to DO THEIR THING. Hold on, how do you tell the difference?? The answer is you can't - lines, distinctions are blurred; madness is on the rise and thank Christ for that!

Madness walks the city street like a drunken God. Happy in our madness? ABSOLUTELY. Psychotic? Yep, hold our hands up to that one, sir. See there's no reason anymore for remaining sane - tiny acts of madness pervade society at every level. I recall once upon a many year ago, working for Tesco PLC and the case of a store worker

fired for filching ONE potato crisp from a broken packet in tha warehouse. To me, this is symptomatic of madness - lives destroyed for no other reason than they CAN DO IT. And why not? Humanity? Don't gimme that BULL. Famine in Africa? Look me in the eye and tell me you CARE...really care. No you don't, you don't care - and I'm not blaming you; you've better things on your mind...like trying to stay afloat; trying not to be murdered - maybe trying TO BE murdered. Or find love. Because, despite it all, LOVE still exists, it's just a little more twisted these days, that's all.



Shit, what are we going to do now there's no nuclear holocaust to occupy our thoughts. NH has kept us under heel all this time, made us respect leaders as the Big Daddies who can keep us alive. Now there's no NH to cow us, what do we do? What terrifies us now? Hey, we stared annihilation in the face and LAUGHED and it was okay, it was cool...but now what? Damn, do we need a collective threat like a junkie needs smack - and it's no good saying drugs are the enemy, because EVERYONE'S doing drugs and having a ball. Drugs are maintaining our sanity, maintaining the order 'cause it's hard to beat the shit outa something you're hugging like a kindergarten buddy. SEX could be the threat, but, c'mon, do you honestly believe THAT'LL ever catch on? Maybe PLEASURE is the curse that we can be taught to accept as a bane on our lives. Mmm, not bad - pleasure as a threat, the enemy within. After all, pleasure is the sole thing that causes the wheels to wobble, right? Pleasure says: 'Screw that job, why are you bothered?' If we chase pleasure then we are not CONTRIBUTING to society. We are self-centred, selfish, doing nothing to keep the core of society from going rotten. And our self-appointed overloads are vary of pleasure, which is why they place such a high price on it - 39 hour week for, JUST ENOUGH, to buy those pleasure-moments we crave. But what if we decide to take control of pleasure? To say, we can enjoy ourselves without official sanction - WHAM! Enter the full force - Control of Drugs Act, Public Order Act... 'cause we can't have folks just doing anything they want, right? Mmmm, but it's too late - the psychosis is already established and as we crawl towards the next millennium it can only grow stronger as the precious work ethic upon which society as we know it is based dies utterly - ageing blue-collar drones ensconced in armchairs muttering: "When they were my age, they had to WORK for a living!" To hell with them - they'll die soon enough and why should we be

grateful for any sacrifice they made? "I fought in the war!" So what? You didn't HAVE to, you bloody fool! The sacrifices you made were because you were too damn WEAKMINDED to do anything different, to choose any alternative path than the one laid down for you from the cradle to the grave. Such is the essence of the British torpor, this tacit nod to the understanding that we, as a society, have a STRUCTURE. And what's more, that this structure MAKES IT WORK.

But it doesn't do it? It no longer functions at all. What years of collective national apathy has done is to create a new super race - the IGNORANCE GENERATION, shaped by the media, only the media and nothing but the media. What the media has done is to remove from us any semblance of control over our destinies. The media has annexed our political thought and compressed widespread and differing viewpoints into an easily-digestible compressed lump for consumption without the tiresome process of thinking. As for the exchange and flow of ideas, read ditto the above. Ideas no longer bounce between individuals in a creative and haphazard way, they are tossed with all the zeal of bored masturbation from the media, half-baked, half-formed, but it don't matter none 'cause WHO THE HELL CARES ANYWAY? Yes, we are constantly being assured that there's a whole load of THINKING going on out there. That's right, intelligence and debate is safe with us, chaps; safe in Oxbridge's Creaming Spires; safe amongst the elite, the intelligentsia...which probably EXPLAINS why none of this hyperdeveloped thought ever filters through to we mere mortals. Rest assured, they're keeping the flame burning, these sacred thinkers. For the rest, well, what do YOU think? We oughta think NOTHING?



Because, rest assured, that part of our nation is alive and kicking. Indeed, so vigorous is its corporeal being, nothing of

consequence is ever heard - something to do with that tricky gap between real life and the glories of Academie. C'mon, can't anyone think of a better solution then smoking out these supposed thinkers and forcing them to interact with the world everyone else lives in? I'm sure there must be a more humane solution - Day Release Courses, YTS Trainee Thinking Post (What you mean? They're overqualified!) - but perhaps if we can't rehabilitate thought from the top, maybe there's a chance amongst those of us who don't possess a striped necktie. Maybe this new psychotic moment of realisation breed will produce its own philosophers and thinkers. Certainly, the movement towards pleasure as a valued and worthwhile way of life is burgeoning, headed by those people who have passed through the psychosis and seen daylight on the other side. Awareness could be on the increase, an awareness that the media virus is atrophying civilisation hand in hand with the technology virus - FLASHFORWARD: Ten, twenty years hence. PAUSE. Ask yourself a simple question: Do you, having observed technological progress first hand over the course of your life, DENY that PERSONAL Virtual Reality technology will not be available freely? Think about it. Your very own REALITY, your very own FANTASY for you to exist within on your own time. The sexual connotations alone are mind-boggling; the porn industry in collapse because every male reader's at home catching head off Miss October. Ignore that rather base exemplar - it's late - but surely the meaning is clear. Have your reality created on software, better than anything real life can provide - are you going to write? Make movies? Create music? Create art? The first one to say 'yes' gets the bullet in the head...

Thought is on the way out, folks. The Age of Happy Ignorance is full steam ahead for the next millennium. Best ship out the VCRs, CDs, Cable TV and so on to the Third World pronto, or the buggers are likely to shoot us in our collective tush thirty years hence while we're all recreating the beach scene in FROM HERE TO ETERNITY with Miss October shut away alone and alienated from each other in our VR booth. Damn that media virus! How can something so wonderful and so damn beautiful, entrenching, comforting, helpful, soothing etc. be the nasty ol' bugbear the loony man says it is? I'm lost, too, engrossed in my 40-channel TV, looking for SOMETHING with just a modicum of thought contained in it - nothing great, nothing that'll change my life, just an IDEA would do; one tiny idea to reassure me that we're not extinct yet, that someone, somewhere, is trying to alter the way THEY think.

Is that what the psychosis is all ultimately about? A sudden flash of recognition that informs us that now - the new millennium careering our way piloted by an amphetamine-crazy sociopath - now maybe is



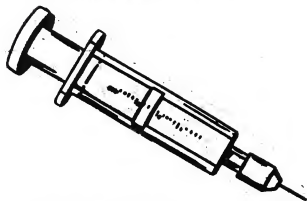
the time to change the way we think. It might be never or now - the media virus is spreading a leprosy of ignorance across the planet. And what we are losing is our ability to LEARN, learning coming through the exchange of thought and ideas. We have lost our ability to learn because we have no need anymore to discover anything ourselves - spoon-feed me? Yes please! Information has become a plague. The world at the press of a button, in your living room, right now, this second. But beyond the front door? We are trepped by information, the constant saturation of our minds by trivial details we have no vital need to know whatsoever. So much of the damn stuff, a surfeit that reduces humanity to the role of bystanders in our own destiny.

What does it all MEAN?

Quite simply, we have forgotten the reason for thought: to enlighten and expand our knowledge concerning LIVING ITSELF. We have forgotten our reason for actually BEING HERE.

Thought becomes antisocial - ideas are discarded lest ridicule follow from a lazy, smug media - what thoughts remain flounder aimlessly in the brain, become twisted and decadent, breed serial killers and torturers - disorientated because none of your thoughts ever seem to coincide with the standard set through the glossy media representation of civilisation...in other words, THE REAL CIVILISATION, the one that MATTERS. When the mind becomes dislocated and at odds with the sacred perceptions of What Is, that's when psychosis is zeroing in. Let it come down - why fight it? At worse you'll become a killer and stand a darned sight better chance of existing in the hereafter than you currently do. At best, well, who knows what EXACTLY is possible? This way of thinking has barely reached the foetal stage, with what psychiatry so lovingly terms the TRAUMA of birth still to come. Early tests show a marked inclination towards the elevation of PLEASURE as a spiritually desired goal. And remember folks, that's PLEASURE derived from more than just slapping body parts together to create genital friction, not that sex doesn't have its cameo walk-on to deliver.

This pleasure is focussed with FREEDOM at its centre; the freedom to change direction, to live a life unfettered by the work ethic...Hold on, this isn't any anarcho-politico garbage here, is it? Utopian drug squalor with a Hackney postcode? Nope, it sure ain't. Nuclear scientists, the housewife (or homemaker if you must allow the quasi-fascists, zombieified dogma of Political Correctness to hold sway over the very words you speak), the mailman, the driver of the train that just passed the window - these aren't outsiders; they're like you and I (however hard we smoke our cigarette down to the butt and practice our alienated pose in the bathroom mirror), INSIDERS, CITIZENS, TAXPAYERS, part of that shapeless mass the media reality praises as WORTHWHILE MEMBERS OF SOCIETY. This is the true difference, the psychosis striking not only the dissatisfied, the stateless, the fringe-dwellers, but also the person next to you on the tube - that's them: the one in the tight-fitting suit who's suddenly been struck by the psychosis, thinking 'Jesus! I've willingly GIVEN AWAY thirty years of my life to a CORPORATION!!! and, what's more, I KNEW what I truly wanted the WHOLE TIME!!!!' A painful moment...Nurse, the screens, please...



Pleasure. Say it over and over, it becomes a mantra. Say it again, then consider those things you know to be pleasurable, but which either law or those other demands in your life prevent you from experiencing except in carefully administered shots. Then think of civilisation - what function does it serve? What meaning does it bestow upon you? Is the way we are thinking REALLY the way we would like to be thinking? Hmmm, if you're not careful that psychosis is gonna get you and what you gonna do then, huh?

Think some more maybe?

Author's note: The above rant was written by Howard Lake who makes his living as a freelance writer based in London, the bulk of his work coming from the pornography industry.

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- KILLER KOMIX -

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"...AND I SHALL BE HEALED..." VISIT TO A MIRACLE CRUSADE

David Kerekes

One evening during September of 1991 a leaflet was pushed through my door. Normally, they go straight in the wastebin, being the latest special offer on "Catt-Purr Cat Food" or something. But this was a little different. Here was a free invitation to a MIRACLE HEALING CRUSADE...THE BIBLE SAYS "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND YOU SHALL BE SAVED."

"Mmm...? " I thought to myself and put the leaflet to one side.

A day or so later, announcements for the wondrous healing crusade began to sprout up all over the place in the form of A4 posters and advertisements in the local press. "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR PEACE AND CONTENTMENT?", the posters ran. "DO YOU SOMETIMES SUFFER WITH DEPRESSION OR DESPAIR? ARE YOU SOMETIMES ANXIOUS, FRUSTRATED, WORRIED AND HARASSED?" While hardly convinced that I ought to bleat "Yes!" and drop to my knees on the spot, the accompanying blurb was considerably more intriguing: "BRING THE SICK - SPECIAL HEALING FOR THE SICK."

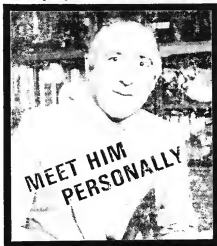
Special healing? Apparently so. I could just pop along to the New Life Church in town, join in with the "music, bright happy singing", meet a Reverend Melvin Banks in person and "be cured". On the poster, the Rev. Banks (thinning grey hair, suit and tie) has a glint in his eye. He is saying:

Lives have been changed by the power of God... The blind have seen...the deaf have heard...the lame and crippled have walked after prayer in these services.

Indeed, on the reverse of my free invitation was a montage of newspaper clippings deliberating how, over the years, the Rev. Melvin Banks and Jesus had seen to it that Mr R. Palmer of Norfolk was "HEALED OF STROKE"; how Pauline of Clevedon who had been mostly confined to bed and could only get around the house holding furniture, "HAD A MIRACLE" and is "NOW WELL AND STARTED A JOB LAST WEEK"; how invalid Mrs Jenkins who had been stuck in a wheelchair for 17 years, is now "CURED" and can bend down and touch her toes; how "17 YEARS OF MENTAL ILLNESS" was dashed overnight for Mrs Joan Bibby of Heaton Chapel following a visit to the Melvin Banks crusade of 1968. And so on.

What manner of power did this mystery man, "Britain's renowned healing evangelist", have? Was he really about to cure the lame and enable the blind to see? Here? I took to my MIRACLE HEALING CRUSADE flyer and noted the time of the next "happy and marvellous uplifting evening." My mind was made; I was to be uplifted! Slipping into my euphoric

trapdoor shoes, I braved the September cold and made my way to church...



The New Life Church (formerly the Full Gospel Tabernacle) might be tiny and unobtrusive by day, but the aquamarine neon crucifix on its roof gives the building a certain distinguished advantage by night. For miles, the neon of the New Life can be seen glowing. Jesus is in, I suspect it signals.

Stone steps lead to the door of the church. It's going on for 7.30pm, so I make my way up towards the building and in. Once inside, a gangling young man extends a hand of welcome. I accept a limp and sweaty handshake. Immediately following this, by the gangling man's side, is an attractive woman in her mid-twenties. She, too, bids me welcome. I'm reaching out towards her hand but she offers me a card instead. "Would you like a healing request?" she says. I figure my expression betrays my bemusement; "A Healing Request Card" she confirms, allowing me the opportunity to peruse one of the blue slips.

For a moment my mind trips into the vacuous reaches of a deep deep space where only the most distant of stars pulse; for a moment there is nothing but emptiness and the implication and logic of a "Healing Request Card", and the logic itself is...a deep deep vacuous space. Then I'm back in the New Life Church with a multitude of possible healing requests.

I almost take a card. It's at my fingertips. I note there is an empty space on the card for Your Ailment, followed by another space for Your Name & Address. I'm seeing the Reverend Melvin Banks' face on

catching "Impotence" or "Piss-Head" or "A Right Fucking Twat" scrawled in Your Ailment. Then I let the card slip away as quickly as I would the dreaded parchment in Tournneur's NIGHT OF THE DEMON. I get the impression that I've been standing there for quite some moments before delivering my Healing Request "No thanks."

"Please take a seat," says the woman, "at the front there."

The New Life Church has the look of pine, a light sepi staining running from the wooden floorboards up the walls to the rafters, where several stretches of flex hold the bland lampshades in place. There are some windows, but they're above head height and will prove to be no distraction in the hours that follow.

A short aisle leads to a pulpit over which is the inscription "JESUS CHRIST IS LORD". On the right of the pulpit is a band already in place (cheap drums, cheap bass, cheap guitar and a tambourine); on the left is a overhead projector and a door. I get to the front and my suggested seat. If I'm to sit here, I realize, the Reverend would be no more than an arm's length away, and the band - which is not conceivably going to be anything short of unbearable - will be blasting straight into my face. I wander back down the aisle to a more ..er.. intermediate position.

More people are arriving. Next to me sits an old guy, nervous. He looks over and smiles. "Awright?" he says, then shows me his left hand. "I've come about me hand. If he can make me hand right, I'll be right." With this revelation, the old man confides that he has had trouble for years because of poor circulation, and that he has never been to this church before. Leaning closer he continues, "I'd go to my own church for help but you don't like to, do you?"

Then the band starts up. The tambourine is swinging twenty to the dozen and a girl is singing, what sounds like, "He's a Miracle Working God." After this, a man steps from the door near the overhead projector and takes to the pulpit. He talks a while and gesticulates a lot. It strikes me that the arms waving routine is rubbing against his general character. Whenever the small man says "God" or "Lord" his arms pivot mechanically into the air like a lazy reflex. I'm wondering whether someone has shown him how to do that.

Next a lady member of the congregation takes the stand. She doesn't gesticulate at all but gives a solo rendition of THE OLD RUGGED CROSS in the most classic of Amateur Operatic styles. It's awful but gets ecstatic applause and a round of "Beautiful" and "Praise God" when it's over.

The Reverend Melvin Banks is introduced, Britain's renowned healing evangelist.

What was I expecting, a puff of smoke and a materialization? No, he walks in through the door like everybody else. He takes to the pulpit and almost immediately goes on at some length about his new book, soon to be published. It's out in February and costs £6.00, but if you fill in a form now it will be forwarded to Your Address at half the price. Forms are quickly circulated by the Gangling Man and The Woman who greeted me.

This Reverend is no clown. Banks is eager to establish a pace and work up a momentum. The forms aren't idly left to circulate among the congregation, to be taken home and put to oneside, forgotten; Banks instigates a countdown - literally - for filling the forms out, and no sooner have they been distributed than they are being collected again. No forms leave the building; you either fill it in or you don't. It's what is known as a pressure sales technique.

"10...9...8..." calls Banks, "half-price if you do it now...7...lady at the back hasn't got a form...6...wonderful...5...4... we need to get the formalities out of the way, don't we...3...2...1...wonderful!"

More forms are to follow later.

JESUS CHRIST IS LORD and the Reverend Melvin Banks has written fourteen books in total (most of which are available at the back on a makeshift stall managed by Mrs Banks). The Reverend woos the New Life Church full house, he has what is known as the Gift of the Gab and he never lets up for a minute. When Banks takes a breather, the band shift into another song.



Gesù si trasformò davanti a Pietro, Giacomo e Giovanni, e le sue vesti erano splendidi...

The words of this next song are projected onto the wall. The band strike up, only this

time things are more up-tempo and some of the congregation are getting into the spirit. The guy with the bad circulation next to me attempts to join in with the "bright happy" clapping, but his hand gata the better of him and he quickly gives up.

Looking around, I see one manic gentleman hopping arrhythmically from foot to foot, arms sweeping in circles, his bottom jaw plunging in mock singalong. But he's not alone. I'm horrified to see others everywhere are getting to their feet, rejoicing wildly, hands banging together. What's wrong with them, CHAD VALLEY manage a better drum sound.

"For-give-a-ness" says the Reverend, "We are going to talk about *for-give-a-ness*."

Banks is a natural. He enunciates and gesticulates with confidence. He also punctuates every other line with a "Hallelujah" or a "Praise God". But the neologism isn't all of classic denomination. Like a gameshow host on TV, Melvin Banks has his own key phrases. He says "Marvellous" and "Isn't that wonderful?" at every turn, triggers for the audience to 'affirm' their 'faith' with a "Praise God", "Thanks be", etc. Banks' catchphrases instill into the proceedings a certain divinity, as if by continual enumeration he does indeed make 'it' "wonderful" or "marvellous."

"Computers? I'm not one for all that technical stuff" says Banks opening the sermon. He goes on how he much prefers to write with good old pen & paper (an affinity which prompts an immediate positive reaction from the older element). The tale concerns that of Banks writing and storing one of his earlier books on a computer, except that the computer went on to erase the whole lot, weeks and weeks of hard work. "Don't trust computers, Praise God."

I'm left wondering what it all means.

After the New Life Church band have taken to the podium once again, striking up - or off, as the case may be - another number, Gangling Man proceeds to do the rounds handing out more 'stuff'. This time it's yellow "Prayer Cards". Over the microphone, during an instrumental break(down), the Reverend Banks announces that "Only those who have filled in the yellow card can receive prayer." The yellow card is held aloft. On the card is yet another space for *Your Name & Address*. Is the Good Lord compiling a directory?

Britain's renowned healing evangelist has some nerve. Not enough that the "temple" is infiltrated with "money-lenders" with Mrs Banks on the Healing Crusade stall at the back there and Mr Banks flogging his new book at a special price, but now only the privileged can receive prayer.

"Who wants to be saved?" cries Melvin Banks, hands in the air. Mumbled approval from the congregation. Again, "Who wants to be

saved?" A few people start to raise a hand. "Who wants to be saved? Everyone!" confirms the Rev. "Everyone!" Maybe I should have filled in a yellow Prayer Privilege card after all. "Come on. Everyone in this room tonight is going to be saved by our Lord Jesus Christ. Who wants to be saved?" It isn't so much a question anymore. Hands are being raised left and right. Bad Circulation next to me lifts one hand, then the other instead. On the opposite side of the room it's awash with waving hands. "Everyone in this room tonight is going to be saved. Isn't that wonderful?" I notice my hands are sliding off my knees in a bid to get closer to the floorboards. "EVERYONE!" shouts Banks. Lower, my hands are going lower.



"EVERYONE!" He means me! There isn't a solitary hand in the house bar mine not reaching skyward! People are even getting to their feet to have their hands higher. Shit, you either want to be saved or you don't, you can't want to be saved *higher* than anyone else.

By now, it's a living hell. All those around are leaping, swaying, yelling, while the Reverend's words "EVERYONE!...EVERYONE!" are blasting through the speaker system. By now, there is no one sitting down but me. Don't wanna be saved by Melvin Banks...don't wanna be saved, I guess I'm muttering.

"EVER-REE-ONE!" The congregation respond by leaping at the very syllables, thrashing and howling. Among the turmoil I'm certain I catch sight of the Wicker Man. Do I stand my ground or do I submit and raise my hands? If I raise my hands it will only be on the pretext of being *safe* as opposed to *saved*, is one excuse I conjure. Gangling Man and The Woman are about to pounce and raise them up for me anyway, I'm certain.

Then, just as I think I'm about to buckle, the whole room goes quiet and composure returns. "Isn't that wonderful!"

There follows a collection. Worth 50p of anybody's money this, and I drop a coin into the basket. Gangling Man looks at me as if I'm about to make off with the collection. Should that be the case then God Wills It, I

smile back at him.

There is an announcement that all those who have filled in the yellow prayer cards should make their way to the annex, the room beyond the projector. Elderly folk get up, edging through the crowds clutching their cards. With them go a young couple, newly weds I guess. An Asian guy with his son in his arms tails behind, again with the all-important card. But it's mostly elderly people. A song breaks out.

By the time the song has finished, those who left minutes earlier are making their way back; some meagre counselling session that was! There is no sign of yellow.



It's 9pm by my watch. For a terrible moment I think it's all been a scam to get me into church, that there isn't going to be any healing at all... or worse still, there is but it will take place behind locked doors. Then suddenly, the moment arrives. Those who have filled in their Healing Request cards are to queue in front of the Reverend Banks. Bad Circulation next to me is getting flustered. "I haven't filled me card in," he says. "I haven't got a pen," he adds. His eyes flick from side to side as those around leave their seats to join the growing queue. He is beginning to panic. He is being left behind, but he won't ask anyone or do anything about it. Body and soul he is here in this church with Melvin Banks, and body and soul he can see it all slipping away for want of a ballpoint pen. For a moment I'm desperately saddened by it all. For a moment, I want everyone EVERYONE to snap out of it; not just the guy next to me. But I reach into my pocket and I hand him a pen.

Standing at the front of the queue, alongside the Reverend, is The Woman. She takes from each person in turn their card, shows it to Banks and places it in a neat pile. Banks notes Your Ailment and places his hand on Your Head. To the lady at the front of the queue right now he is saying, softly with hand in place, "...trapped nerve in your leg... vanish..." Then, loudly, "JESUS!" and he jerks his hand free from the woman's temple. She moves away healed.

Next, a man on crutches hobbles delicately up. Polio. Banks places one hand

on the guy's forehead, the other behind the guy's back. The guy's posture seems to relax and the grip on his crutches opens. Again Banks hollers out "JESUS!" and his hand flicks backward away from the temple, as if yanking the very polio free. "How do you feel?" Banks asks. The man with crutches hardly gets out an "...huhh..." before Banks has him dispensing with the crutches. "Walk down the aisle." Banks prompts, "Someone walk along side him...don't hold him, let him walk by himself. Isn't that wonderful?"

The man 'walks' down the aisle and back again, deliberating each step without the aid of his crutches. His face is pulled into a wide-eyed expanse of concentration and pain with beads of sweat bolding onto his nose and chin. Sheer gut determination gets him back to his crutches without toppling over. A resounding applause greets the achievement. "Praise be" a lady calls out, tears rolling down her face. "Marvellous!" calls Banks from the front, and the next in line steps up to be healed.

A blind woman assisted holds her card out. A few words of comfort from the Reverend and then one hand is on her temple, the other on her shoulder. Her face is serene. Banks sways very gently. After a few moments, he labours over the word "...blindness..." Suddenly he whips both hands free with a yell, "SEE!" The woman pops open her eyes.

For several long seconds the church is silent, then the blind woman speaks: "Clouds...moving in...I see...clouds...moving together...a form...a face...I see a face..." (Banks' smiling face) "a face, eyes, nose, mouth..." the woman sobs, "I can see!" The Reverend takes hold of both her shoulders, "What colour are my eyes?"

"B...brown," she stammers.

"Brown, ladies and gentlemen, isn't that wonderful!"

Hoo-ray!



WHERE IT HAPPENED

At 9.20pm, I leave the New Life Church and the Miraculous Healing Crusade behind me. From the steps outside, I catch the strains of the Reverend's "JESUS!" one last time. The joyous yelp of the congregation on witnessing a new miracle lingers a while longer. Then that too is gone.

The "happy and marvellous uplifting evening" as promised by my free invitation has been somehow lacking. I had gone into the New Life with an open mind and come away a sceptic. And while the Miracle Healing Crusade might only be part of the great tradition of conning a gullible public, at least all Barnum took was your money.

No, there is a great tragedy at play in the Reverend's Healing Crusade. There hangs a putrefying sense of manipulation to the whole spectacle. For many, the New Life Church this night hasn't merely been an opportunity to revel in "bright happy singing". Banks promised the sick would be healed. He promised in the flyers that "the lame and crippled have walked after prayer in these services." Faith in Christ doesn't enter into it. It was Banks who promised and if only for one polio-ridden, crutch-bearing guy wracked in agony, he has lied.

The Reverend Melvin Banks can't channel faith, not mine, not anybody's. He can be a friend of the people and claim to spread "the word" and be able to heal, but faith? Faith cannot be made or truly broken, yet Banks demanded that "everyone in this room tonight" believe. Believe what, that Banks is truly right? That Faith In Jesus (and the purchase of a book) is the means to reaching the big pay-off at the end: the miracle?

Many tonight have been betrayed. They had come to the New Life under a shadow of desperation and have left with that same painful shroud, only now it is heavier. Banks with his Healing Crusade had proffered them hope, he was the possible saviour for those who could not be saved. But the sheer volume of people who want to be saved does not a saviour make.

Modesty eludes Banks, this renowned healing evangelist. I fail to accept that any God would dress such an 'important' ambassador so sanctimoniously, and endow him with the power to "forgive" those who are crippled, or deaf, or blind.

As I make my way away from the church, I'm warmed by a truly marvellous and wonderful searching of the soul. The Reverend Melvin Banks is wrong. Faith? What more do I need but to believe I'm right.

Approximately two days later, those who had filled out either a Prayer or Healing Request Card in the New Life Church, were recipient to a knock on the front door and more 'literature'...

PAIN AND BLEEDING

David Slater

Ian Kerkhof not only writes for various publications, organises film shows, but is also a performance artist and a movie director. With such titles as *CRASH*, *THE BOY WHO MASTURBATED HIMSELF TO A CLIMAX* and *CARNAGE IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE* amongst others already under his belt, a video compilation of his work is now available (in Europe).

His *STATIONS OF THE CROSS* is a slide-show performance offering a variation on the crucifixion, beautifully photographed in black and white, and colour. The naked Christ is crucified, capped with a crown of coiled barbed wire and 'tortured' with blades and clothes-pegs!



EGMOND GHOST POEM is a series of photographs of religious icons reproduced in negative and fed to the audience with an atmospheric soundtrack.

THE SOLIPSIIST has a character surrounded by a wall of televisions. The screens are alive with looped images of Kevin McCarthy from *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* proclaiming his sanity, interlocked genitalia pumping in sticky close-up and fingers prodding at vaginas. The guy in the centre of this televised activity cuts at his chest and belly with a large knife before castrating himself and smearing his face and neck with blood (all this was aired on prime-time TV in Holland). Says Kerkhof "I am doing a *SOLIPSIIST* performance this year with Isabelle Evers: the piece is called *SISTER CHANCE* and

involves lots of pain and bleeding." Such is his intense dedication with performance art that Kerkhof is temporarily incapacitated with his right arm in a plaster cast, "I almost amputated it in my last self-destructive performance."

About his latest feature film KYODAI MAKES THE BIG TIME he says - "The film's reception during the Rotterdam Film Festival was great...it got the lowest score in the public opinion poll (out of 180 films!) and nearly caused a riot on the second screening when more than half the audience stormed out of the cinema!"

- competition -

PALACE VIDEO

present

NIKITA



PALACE VIDEO have kindly supplied us with 5 copies of the highly acclaimed thriller NIKITA directed by Luc Besson. YOU can have your very own copy without having to fork out any dosh by answering 3 simple questions;

1. WHO DIRECTED NIKITA?
2. HOW MANY COPIES HAVE PALACE SUPPLIED US WITH?
3. HOW MANY QUESTIONS MUST YOU ANSWER?

Send your answers in an envelope marked 'Nikita' to the HEADPRESS address. The first 5 correct entries pulled from the sack will receive the tapes. Closing date June 30 '92

THE HEADPRESS GUIDE TO ESSENTIAL MODERN CULTURE

Put the cat out, put your feet up and bathe in the warm glow of another lot of 'stuff'...

It wasn't a shark & it wasn't a barracuda...



The debut issue of LIQUIDATOR boasts a cover by Maxon - brother of Robert - Crumb, and is fundamentally a magazine of horror, sci-fi and crime fiction. However, for our money - and it never was - the non-fiction piece "Embalming - The True Story" is worthy of the price of admission alone (want to know how to prevent the gases that cause icky liquids to ooze up out of the nose of a corpse..?). LIQUIDATOR, 904 Irving Street, Suite 255, San Francisco, CA 94122, USA. \$6.00 will cover airmail p&p..

A STREAM OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS is a collection of the thoughts and interests of one Vic Stanley. As a magazine it's rather rudimentary (no pics), but Stanley's writings cover such ground as "My Least Favourite Talk Show Hosts" (Larry King's prime time show was an epic failure because it was centred around Larry, for instance); "My All Time Favourite Obscure Cult Movies" (of which AUTOPSY TURVY is one), and other similarly esoteric delights. \$3.00 (plus something for postage) to Vic Stanley, PO Box 176, Lafayette, IN 47902-0176, USA.

HOAXI is a new publication from Aux, who previously published the rather inaccessible DATA-KILL. You can actually read this much improved twenty page journal of pranksterisms and tricks you can use to fuck up peoples' regular and mundane lifestyles. Write for details to: Aux, 63 Beechgrove, Brecon, Powsy, Wales. LD3 9ET.

A hand-coloured xerox 'pamphlet' appears around Manchester town centre from time to time. HOMELESS & HUNGRY! PLEASE HUNT ME is the title of the latest and consists of one question interviews, music, movies and a guide to "Where to Piss in Manchester." Credited to no one and free... that's an all-round improvement on the city's 'proper' listings mag, no?

No matter how smug Chris Gore gets and increasingly often his mug appears in his

mags, we just can't help but like **FILM THREAT** and **FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE**. Just thought we'd share that with you. New issues out now.

Rick Sullivan's **GORE GAZETTE** is on its 106th issue. If you haven't yet had the pleasure, now is the time to catch this classic "Guide to Horror, Exploitation & Sleaze" zine. Sullivan conducts an 'interview' with Tim VIDEO WATCHDOG Lucas (which concludes "Is it true that your publication is named after your wife, Donna?" - ouch!), and reviews the latest releases in similar form. You need this. Send a couple bucks to **GORE GAZETTE**, c/o Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, N.J. 07011, USA.

What's this? **HORRORSHOW!**!! We're so fuckin' sure! Two first class postage stamps will get you "Nineteen Things You Never Knew About Dario Argento", **CONFESSIONS OF A POP PERFORMER**, and numerous other astonishing 'facts' and reviews. **HORRORSHOW**, 163 Bromyard Rd, Sparkhill, Birmingham, B11 3AY.

Issue 3 of **MASTER BATOR** is a virtual porridge of anti-establishment ethos, containing some neat photo-montages (baby nuzzling mother being particularly bizarre) and many newspaper clippings (dunno, never bother with clippings before they get clipped...). Also arriving with **MASTER BATOR** was issue 1 of **GENERIC**. Is this free? Again, anti-establishment - yawn - but includes a pull-out spread on blowing up a car and building a flamethrower. **MASTER BATOR** is £1.50 (p/us \$0.35 p+p) from Jason Whittaker, 110 Renfield Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 3MJ.

Rubber, bondage, domination. Issue 14 brings a change of layout for the sexy French fetish mag **DEMONIA**. Colour throughout and no longer digest the thing looks even better, carrying interviews with Debbie Harry and "La Maitresse Soudra", as well as sleek photo spreads (should you non read Français) and new video releases (Alpha-Video's **ANAL NATION** - ask for it by name). Check for rates. **DEMONIA**, 15 cite Joly, 75011, Paris, France.

LEICHENBLUT is a graphic A4 format comic book. Extreme sex, horror and violence throughout. And the full-colour anatomical-fellatio-cum-shot cover will prevent you from reading it in public and make it unavailable in the shops so write to; Leichenblut c/o Stefan Walz, Hagenbacher Str. 27, 6729 Worth, West Germany. Stefan is also looking for other artists to contribute to future works so get them shameful sketchings sent off now!

Maybe his head just got loose and fell off?

Atavistic have just issued VOL 2 of the music video compilation **12 O'CLOCK HIGH**, featuring such lithe combos as Thin White Rope, Halo Of Flies, Babes In Toyland... Shaky Super-8 visuals and beat grunge guitar, you know where it's at. Includes the Flaming Lips' **UNCONSCIOUSLY SCREAMING** (good) and David Atherton & Otto Piene's **BABYLON** (bad). Flaming Lips go on to 'star' in their own Atavistic video compilation, **LIVE**, with seriously distorted visuals hiding that it looks to have been recorded at the Sub Club on a Tuesday night. The 'Lips do a version of **WHOLE LOTTA LOVE**, while **ONE MILLIONTH BILLIONTH OF A MILLISECOND**...sounds even more like early Pink Floyd. The added promo clip at the end, **CAN'T STOP THE SPRING**, includes shaky photography and a picture of Pee Wee Herman.

Expect trouble finding Twisted Village Records, they make limited, individually numbered runs of albums. **DESCENT** by Brother JT is one of their bigger lots - going all the way up to 282 - and is a frightening two solid sides of guitar twitching and 'vocals'. Other TV vinyl includes Vermonster's legendary **SPIRIT OF YMA**, in which guitars are amplified via Chernobyl and hurt each other to get out. Twisted Village, PO Box 19, Windham, CT 06280, USA.

Bongwater's latest vinyl excursion, **THE BIG SELL OUT** threatens, at times, to do just that. Thankfully, whenever destination Coteau Twins appears to head the compass, Bongwater sweep into a murky side passage. Suitably ethereal. Also available as a limited numbered coloured vinyl. (Cat no. **SHIMMY 50 CD/LP**).

Anyone not sure what kind of music to play to loosen up those dead lovers could do no worse than purchase the **NEKROMANTIK 2** soundtrack CD which is now available from; Debil Entertainment, Zossener Str. 20, 1000 Berlin 61, Germany. No price so write for details.



SEXE ET VIOLENCE MAUVAISE ANNEE 1992 DEMONIA

Mark Smith of The Creatures Of The Golden Dawn sent us a copy of their platter, a four track EP, LIVE AND OUTTA SITE. Garage guitars with harmonica and maracas - that's the kind of sound we like. The Creatures, 6191 Putter Drive, Wescosville PA, USA.

Medical science can't account for them...

DARK CARNIVAL DISTRIBUTION is a new venture intended to "provide a regular and reliable outlet for horror, science fiction, underground & related publications." £1.00 gets you a six catalogue sub. DARK CARNIVAL DISTRIBUTION, 21 Avon Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN16 1EP, Great Britain.

Mark Pawson is not at present organised enough to have a full mail order list, but promises to send us one when he is so. In the meantime, Mark carries a lot of bits and pieces like "ASSUME THIS PHONE IS TAPPED" stickers (as used by the M.O.D.), SubGenius shit, Peter Bagge's dinky mini-comic TESTOSTERONE CITY (funny), t-shirts...

Mark Pawson, PO Box 664, London, E5 0JW.

"...during the day he had killed his assistant, by sticking a recently sharpened knife firmly in his tender, smooth skin, he striped him, and sprawled him across the table, and squeachingly fucked him, after he had come, he proceeded to stick numerous household objects up his arse, at least the man had died smiling..." Andrew Gatheridge signs his letters "All me homo-luv" and can't spell too good. The above is an extract from his short story, CULINARY KILLER. A larger work, BEDSITTER BOYS, is available for "30p or less" from 56a Info Shop, 56a Crompton Street, London, SE17. The xerox ad for BEDSITTER BOYS is full of naked jocks.

The world premiere of Jorg Buttgerreit's CORPSE FUCKING ART takes place at the "Film Extremes 2" festival. Other delights include Tsui Hark's THE BIG HEAT and GHOSTLY LOVE (announced as a cross between A CHINESE GHOST STORY and ELECTRIC BLUE). 30 May 1992, at the Scala cinema, King's Cross, London.

HEADPRESS will be providing the darker elements of film fun in 1992's Festival of Fantastic Films, thanks to those who have been voicing support with the organizers. This year's event will be taking place at a venue in Manchester city centre, the Charterhouse Hotel, over the weekend of Friday 9th to Sunday 11th October. Guests are to be confirmed but look set to include David McGillivray and a rare public appearance by Pete Walker. The HEADPRESS line-up will be made available in due course, meantime ticket details and the like are obtainable from: Festival of Fantastic Films, 95 Meadowgate Road, Salford, Manchester, M6 8EN. See ya there!

Your cassettes are destroying innocent people

Six Louis Malle titles are out now courtesy of Palace Video. Included in this little haul is Malle's 1971 picture LE SOUFFLE AU COEUR,

a truly outrageous story of a 15 year old boy attempting to get to grips with his own sexual yearnings. A "must see"...if this movie didn't have English subtitles, it wouldn't have a UK release. Period.

Still with a French flavour, Luc Besson's attractive thriller NIKITA is now available as a sell-through title (see competition elsewhere). The tale of an ex-heroin addict transformed into a government killing machine, NIKITA is a grand addition to the comic-strip violence school of movie-making in which the French excel.

Palace Video also have EDWARD II, Derek Jarman's contemporary version of the ill-fated homosexual monarch of the title. The sets are as minimal as possible, dirt floor, concrete walls and the activities are what is expected from the director. Peter Greenaway's magnificent PROSPERO'S BOOKS on the other hand is dazzling in its beauty and magic. Quite amazing how a film, chock full of naked people from toddlers to pensioners, piss, shit, vomit and viscera, can retain a 15 certificate! An absolute joy to behold with a great score from Michael Nyman.

And the future has already happened, at least according to CYBERPUNK recently released by REVISION. This 60 minute documentary takes you into the realm of virtual reality, smart drugs, industrial computer hacking, Timothy Leary, William Gibson and other "neuroantic" ethics. All information should be free! Mistrust authority! Promote decentralisation!, such is the law of the cyberpunk. Available now on sell-through.

I'm usually not such a putz with the girls...

The latest Re/Search tome (#13) is out now. ANGRY WOMEN features interviews with female artists "in tune with the times." But don't let that put you off. As with the other Re/Search volumes ANGRY WOMEN is an attractive package, though whether this new work be ultimately more desired than required remains to be seen. Airlift are the UK distributor's for all Re/Search books: 26 Eden Grove, London, N7 8EL. (Apparently Re/Search #10, INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS, is now an export volume only).

We mentioned Creation/Annihilation Press last time round, but by jingo, see if we don't mention them again. They have just published Paul Woods' ED GEIN - PSYCHO! (see competition elsewhere), which Colin Wilson cites as "An excellent and absorbing piece of work." Woods has adopted the faction approach, rather than the documentary methods in previous Gein works, to chronicle the life and activities of the world's best loved deviant.

Back in 1988 James Havoc and Creation were responsible for the acclaimed work RAISM, the surrealist hymn to 14th Century Satanist Gilles de Rais. Now comes the second work from lovechild Havoc, SATANSKIN, a

collection of short tales. Havoc's writing reeks of sexual desecration and torment - honey roasted. The tales of SATANSKIN vade gelatinous through perversion, dipped rich in Havoc's prose style.

Creation, we are informed, hope to be putting out a new title every month. As of going to press, RED STAINS, an anthology of "Biological Dark Fantasy and Extreme Body Horror" is set to appear. Events to tie-in with this particular book launch: "Body Horror", a screening of THE EXORCIST, AI NO CORRIDA and FREAKS at the Scala cinema, King's Cross, May 1st 1992; Live Performances - ecstatic poet Aaron Williamson, psycho crime writer Paul Buck, decadent poet Jeremy Reed and a showcase of Mike Philbin artwork - May 8th, 8pm at the Apples & Snakes Club, Covent Garden Community Centre, London WC2 and again, May 11th, 7.30pm at Waterstones Bookshop, Earls Court Branch. For full Creation catalogue send an A5 sse to; Cease to Exist, 83 Clerkenwell Rd, London, EC1. Watch this space.



PLATE 17. BURNING PICTURES

Although the book-end may be abstracted in any picture suitable for case or tape, the three best arrangements are as illustrated here: with the corpse kneeling, possibly under restraints, across a burning-bird (1), across the lap in the old maternal style (2), and "torso" on an antique's back (3). Skene's drawing (4) should be worn for the occasion, and having the red (5) must always form part of the ceremony, either before or after the punishment.

peculiar work, this guide is in no way as exploitative as the title would suggest, but is a concise and compelling study of the care, schooling and correcting - but mostly correcting - of naughty 'boys'. Everything from manner of apparel to the administration of enemas is here, with the authoress/Governess going on to detail caning techniques, application of the birch, utilizing restraints, the intimacy of spanking, and such like. A GUIDE... is 120pp hardback and available only through Delectus mail order, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London, WC1N 3XX. Price is £19.95 + £1.20 p&p UK, £1.50 Europe, £3.50 USA. "I also keep the rods here, in pickle..."

FANTASY FILM MEMORY have finally unleashed their Barrio Argento double issue. Chock full of rare colour stills and critical analysis of each of the director's movies, FFM 4/5 is an impressive addition to the library that has so far included Lucio Fulci, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE's 1 & 2, and CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST. The next couple of FFMs are gonna be devoted to Jesus Franco. Yeah!

TOPY enthusiast will no doubt be pleased with their latest offering, RATIO:3 VOLUME 2 - TRANSMEDIATORS, consisting of prose writings by Z'EV, Andrew McKenzie and Genesis P-Orridge. Write for this and information on other TOPY publications to: Temple Press Ltd, PO Box 227, Brighton, Sussex. BN2 3GL.

Be afraid, be watchful while you can...

TOPY enthusiasts may not have been too pleased with Channel 4's recent DISPATCHES, BEYOND BELIEF, and its pre-publicised claim that they would air "video evidence of Satanic rituals". The programme was presented by Andrew Boyd, who spends the whole running time walking in and out of shot at various locations, all gloomy-faced and miserable, to publicise his new book dealing with Satanic abuse. His "evidence" comprised of interviewed "victims" (dumb broads in silhouette confessing to infanticide) and "discovered" ritual footage (edited scenes from Psychic TV's FIRST TRANSMISSION). Genesis P-Orridge's home was raided thereafter and I suspect once the authorities get hold of him he will be tortured for a while then burned at the stake and have his unclean ashes scattered to the four winds.

Still with Channel 4 their AMERICA ON TRIAL series is worth a watch if only to see a relative of a Dahmer victim show him what "Out of control" is like. I wonder if those policemen who prevented her reaching Dahmer were the same ones who fed him the 14 year-old Loatian kid.

To have your wares featured in the Culture Guide, forward all details to the HEADPRESS address. Unless otherwise stated assume all organisations are based in the U.K. When making enquiries do enclose an SAE and tell 'em you read it here.

Just published by Delectus is A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN, written by "A Lady". Subtitled THE SUCCESSFUL ADMIRATION OF PHYSICAL DISCIPLINE TO MALES - BY FEMALES! this work originally dates back to 1924 when it was thought lost, all copies (as well as printer's proofs and plates) being banned and burned. However, ONE copy survived... A

LETTERS

- HEADPRESS PO BOX 160 STOCKPORT CHESHIRE SK1 4ET GREAT BRITAIN -

WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

This paper has been sent to you for good luck. The original is in New England. It has been around the world nine times. The luck has now been sent to you. You will receive good luck within four days of receiving this letter provided you in turn send it on.

This is no joke, you will receive good luck in the well. SEND NO MONEY, as fate has no price. Do not keep this letter - it must leave your hands within 48 hours.

An RAAF Officer received \$40,000.00 -

John Elliot received \$40,000.00 and lost because he broke the chain.

While in the Philippines, Gene Welch lost his wife, 31 days after receiving the letter. He had failed to circulate the letter, however, before her death he received \$ 555,000.00 .

Please send 20 copies and see what happens in four days. The chain comes from Venezuela and was written by Saul Anthony De Group, missionary from South America. Since the copy must tour the world, you must take 20 copies and send them to friends and associates. After a few days you will get a surprise. This is true... even if you are not superstitious.

Do note the following: Constantine Dias received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make 20 copies and send them out. A few days later he received a letter of \$2,000,000.00 Carlo Peddett, an office employee, received the letter and forgot. It had to leave his hands in 96 hours. He lost his job. Later on he found the letter again, he mailed twenty copies. A few days later he got a better job. Cullen Feischild received the letter, and not believing, threw the letter away. Nine days later he died.

In 1987, the letter received by a young woman in California was very faded and barely readable. She promised herself that she would type the letter and send it on, but she put it aside to do later. She was plagued with various problems including expensive car repairs. The letter did not leave her hands in 36 hours. She finally typed the letter as promised and got a new car.

REMEMBER: SEND NO MONEY.

DO NOT IGNORE THIS !!!!

ST JUDE

IT WORKS !!!!

We believe it, but unfortunately don't have 20 friends between us.

Thanks again for another blistering issue. Ye get nearer to Hades with each one. Puppies, Sweeties and Ice-cream was a riot. When I were a wee bairn I came into contact with one of these charming fellows and after all these years I fondly know him as the Aftershave Monster. Any chance of an article on the subject of Murderous Satanic Cults? A difficult thing to cover I suppose, but I myself knew of a chap who partook in such deeds.

Please interview Maria Whittaker. Then kill her. Posterity.

PAUL DEAN, Luton.

Disgusting! Repulsive! Odious! All the people called David should be given a good hiding, though they'd probably enjoy it. All those

nasty words and truly horrible photographs... as for the Annie Sprinkle flashing finger puppet in #3, I just don't know - she's smiling for God's sake! Undoubtedly the Devil's spawn. Outrageous! Hideous! Unpardonable!

FATHER JAMES RUSSELL, London.

A friend of mine has informed me that in issue 3 of your magazine, you had printed a letter, purporting to be from me, - relating to MAN BEHIND THE SUN and San Francisco.

I wish to make it quite clear that I did not send you this letter or write it either. Whoever did write to you is obviously an illiterate asshole, who gets some perverse pleasure out of making other people look as grammatically incorrect when they write as himself.

GREG LAMB, Brighton.

Thanks for the joy and happiness your magazine brings.

HAZEL BUDD, Lancaster.

I've enclosed the study notes from a day school on TWIN PEAKS I attended recently. I thought you'd be interested in these, if only as the most pretentious writing on the subject to date. The notes themselves don't give a clear idea of the event itself, which lasted 6 hours and included a detailed analysis of symbols used in the "Cooper in Hell" sequence in the final episode. Rick Instrell, the guy who ran the course, makes a reasonably convincing case that the imagery, plot and characters in TWIN PEAKS were derived through a by-the-numbers application of Joseph Campbell's Jungian theories about storytelling. The main problem I have with this is that the best known example of the overt use of this method is the appalling STAR WARS-cycle, where it produced a dull bland pantomime effect.

DOUG CAMPBELL, Edinburgh.

These 'notes' are a 28 page booklet produced by the University of Edinburgh Continuing Education Department. The tutorial also allowed for a refreshment break of "Damned Fine Coffee and Doughnuts".

As for Scum Drops, someone dumped a used sanitary towel in my front garden. It's now become a nice shade of green but I refuse to move it - not because I won't touch the thing, but because of the way it shrinks and swells. This informs me if the atmosphere outside is dry or damp.

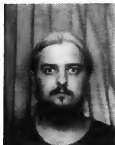
DAVID GREENALL, Derby.

You may be interested to know that SALT, SALIVA, SPERM & SWEAT (mentioned in the "Culture Guide" HEADPRESS #2) was censored by its maker, Philip Brophy, under guidance from Channel 4 who flew him out to perform the task which took well under 3 hours (the editing that is). It was the body parts of him and his girlfriend (Maria Kozic) who he had to black out anyway! If you don't blink too hard throughout, I can be seen in various positions too (uncensored)!

...HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER has just become the first film of any note since TCSM 2 to be banned outright here.

MICHAEL HELMS, Victoria, Australia

Michael is editor of cool FATAL VISIONS magazine. He tells us that Annie Sprinkle has recently completed a promotional tour down under for an awful movie called SACRED SEX: TRUE STORIES OF A NEW SEXUALITY, and he forwarded a poster, signed and sealed with a kiss...Annie's lips not Michael's.



K.A. BEER, Derbyshire.

It's really nice to see your magazine and its fresh enthusiasm. As little girls from the suburbs flock into the city to get their noses and belly buttons pierced and pick up some rubber lingerie to wear while lounging at home watching MTV, I think these topics - bondage, body piercing, psycho killers - once shocking, are possibly on the verge of becoming - gasp! - trendy! Around here, the impending "trendiness" of these topics are beginning to make most of the literature and conversation become that jaded "oh, yeah,

that" attitude, and I think the jaded attitude is killing the stuff more than the impending trendiness is.

MORDANTIA BAT, San Francisco, California.



Whilst in Brighton, saw many call-girl cards in phone booths - some enclosed. In Amsterdam found the Cult Video Shop - excellent. Had been to the torture museum on a previous visit, as well as one of the two sex museums and the tattoo museum. Hope to go to Munich and Prague in the spring visiting that cinema in Munich if it's still there - if the neo-Nazis haven't firebombed it.

IAN LEE, Birmingham.

It has come to my notice that your company has been publishing a magazine which, putting it bluntly, is little more than degrading pornography. It is well known that publication of this sort of material causes untold damage to all groups of society, including those it exploits.

I have decided to take things into my own hands and am forming a group of equally concerned people. Its roll will be to bring to the attention of the ignorant masses the filth that is rife in this once great country.

Your magazine is not the first to be targeted, that honour has gone to children's television for the unsolicited use of blasphemous and profane language in all its programmes nowadays.

I hope you will print this letter along with my full address as I am hoping that other people who, like me, picked this magazine wanting a good, intelligent, filth-free read as indicated by the front cover, will get in contact with me so we can co-ordinate a campaign against other purveyors of filth.

A.D. BEERS, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.

- LAST DETAILS -

THE CINEMA OF TRANSGRESSION VOL 1
USA

Colour and B&W
Produced by Nick Zedd
Various directors, including:
John Spencer SMITHAUS
Lung Leg WORM MOVIE
Richard Klemann A SUICIDE
Nick Zedd THE ROGUS MAN
Nick Zedd/David Rutsala GO TO HELL
Erotic Psyche MUTABLE FIRE
Tommy Turoer SIMONLAND
Richard Kern YOU KILLED ME FIRST
Richard Kern KING OF SEX
Michael Wolfe NIGGER NIGHT
Manoel DeLanda JUDGEMENT DAY
Manoel DeLanda ISM ISM

DEAD LOVE

GB, colour
dir: Rick Baylor
with: Elaine McEwan, Rick Baylor,
Steve Ahott, Claire Laoyon

DEAD ON MY ARM

USA, 1985
colour, 8 mins
dir: Casandra Stark
music: This Heat
with: Casandra Stark, Luog Leg,
David Wicked, Nicole

DUM DUM

GB, B&W
dir: Rick Baylor
music: Whiteslug, Aooother Headache
with: S MacKeozie, A Ridgewell

EDITH SCHRODER -
EINE DEUTSCHE HAUSFRAU

Germany, 1981
colour, 35 mins
dir: Ades Zabel

EGMOND GHOST POEM

Netherlands
B&W, 3 mins
made by: Ian Kerkhof

DER EXPLODIERENDE TURNUSCHUH

Germany, 1981
colour, 2 mins
dir: Jorg Buttgerreit

FORCED ENTRY

USA, 1977
colour
dir: Helmut Fickler
with: Laura Caogon, Tim Loog,
Jutta David, Helmut Fickler,
Ruby Runhouse, Nioa Fawcett

GO TO HELL

USA, 1986
B&W
dir: Nick Zedd
co-dir: David Rutsala
music: The Swans
with: Casandra Stark, Nick Zedd



EGMOND GHOST POEM

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN TO THOSE

WHO LOVE THE LORD
GB, colour
dir: Rick Baylor
music: Whiteslug, Splintered
with: Aooette Ridgewell,
Julia Coates, Nick Brummitt

KISS ME GOODBYE

USA, 1987
B&W, 4 mins
dir: Nick Zedd
with: Nick Zedd, A Anguish

KYODAI MAKES THE BIG TIME

Netherlands, 1991
colour, 91 mins
dir/pro/sc: Ian Kerkhof
with: Koos Vos, J Draaisma,
Isabelle Evers, Andre Arends

DAS LEBEN DES SID VICIOUS

Germany, 1981
colour, 10 mins
dir: N'Utermohleo/M Muller
with: Oskar Dimitroff, Angie

MANNE - THE MUWI

Germany, 1981
colour, 10 mins
dir: Jorg Buttgerreit

MEAT MATES

GB, 1991
colour, 5 mins
dir: Andy Bullock

MUSIK DER 80. AKTION

(Dom US CD 10)
Hermoo Nitsch

OUR OWN PERSONAL HELL

GB, colour
dir: Rick Baylor
written: R Baylor & P Vane
music: Dissecting Table,

Einstuerzende Neubauten
with: P Vane, V McGarvey,

POLICE STATE

USA, 1987
B&W, 18 mins
written, dir & ed: Nick Zedd
with: N Zedd, Rockets Redglare,
Flip Crowley, Willoughby Sharp

SINS OF THE FLESH

GB, colour
dir: Rick Baylor

THE SOLIPSIST

Netherlands
colour, 6 mins
dir: Ian Kerkhof

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Netherlands, 1990
colour and B&W, 12 mins
made by: Ian Kerkhof

THOUGHTS FROM THE WHITE WALLS

GB, B&W
dir: Rick Baylor
written by: D Bourgeois
music: Whiteslug
with: S Abbott, S A Baylor,
E McEwan

THRUST IN ME

USA, 1984
B&W
made by: N Zedd & Richard Kero
music: J.G. Thirwell
with: N Zedd, Margot Daymaio,
Don Houston

VEL

Germany, 1986/87
colour, 15 mins
dir: Regio Steenbock

WE ARE NOT TO BLAME

USA, 1989
colour, 30 mins
dir: Casandra Stark
music: Foetus, loc.
with: Casandra Stark, Laura Mae
Jessen, R Kero, N Zedd

THE WILD WORLD OF LYDIA LUNCH

GB, 1983
colour, 28 mins
dir: Nick Zedd
with: Lydia Lunch

WOUND

(Roadrunner LP/CD RO 9274)
Skio Chamber

WRECKED ON CANNIBAL ISLAND

USA, 1986
colour, 10 mins
dir: Casandra Stark
music: Casandra Stark
with: Casandra Stark, Natz

HEADPRESS

MERCHANDISE



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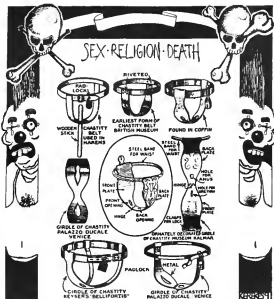
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